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"IT'S OUR FLAG"

THE
PATRIOTIC READER

FOR SCHOOLS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY

SIR JAMES YOXALL

Home, School, Country, Race

With Coloured Frontispiece and 24 other Illustrations

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LTD
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1919

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PREFACE

MAY I hope that this book will be examined as a whole before it is judged by this or that chapter or part? Read as a whole, it will be found, I think, to deal with its subject in no one-sided way, and not to present extreme views of any aspect of Patriotism.

It aims to give some account of every kind of patriotic service, rendered in the past, as well as during the recent War, by people of our Race; as much as can be done in a book of this size, intended for use in schools, I have tried to cover the whole field of national deed and character. Perhaps Part IV of this book, if not the whole of it, may be found to be unique.

Teachers will know how to use many of these chapters in relation to school patriotism; "our side" and "our school" lead naturally on to "our country" and "our Race." King George the Fifth, addressing the boys of a school in London, said:

> "Pa[illegible] as I understand it, is love of your c[illegible]ntry, love so great that you are prepared to give up your own interests and to sacrifice your lives if necessary for the honour and welfare of your country."

School children seldom *talk* about loving their school, and they need not be expected to talk about

patriotism; but love of country is the complement of love of school, even as love of home and love of "school" can be complementary.

> "I feel sure," the King said, "that when you leave school you will never forget what you have been taught here, and that you will show the same patriotism as those who have gone before you, and keep bright the high traditions of this old school."

I express my thanks to the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee for permission to illustrate this book by reproducing some of the wall-posters issued during the War; these illustrations will stand as reminders of a period and of an amount of voluntary enlistment and self-sacrificing patriotism never equalled; though, happily, they do not represent the continuous circumstances of our national life.

This book has been prepared with much care, as a willing service of patriotism, in the hope that it may help to keep bright the high traditions of our Race.

J. H. YOXALL.

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THE PATRIOTIC READER

Part I

"THE GLORIES OF OUR BLOOD AND STATE"

CHAPTER I

The Music of Patriotism

"Home is the sailor, home from sea"

A TROOPSHIP and a cruiser came to Dover Harbour, bringing soldiers home; people stood on the beach, the shining white cliffs, and the castled hill to watch them come. Bells were ringing, flags fluttered, and cannon thundered salutes.

A boy ran forward, along the deck of the transport; at a signal from an officer he blew a few clear notes of music. Then soldiers, sailors and people ashore took up the melody, singing it happily; for the boy had set the tune of "Home, sweet home!"

Home again! The sailor home from the sea, and the soldier from the trenches; home from strange lands and far waters the nurses and surgeons had come, and the stretcher-bearers and the chaplains. And the bells were ringing for victory, for peace

with honour. For the War was ended, evil had been defeated, and right had won.

Here was England again, and yonder away were Scotland, Wales, Ireland ; lands lovely and peaceful, proud and ancient, famous and dear. What a Home it was to come to—who would not love and live for, defend and if needs be die for, this shining Albion, these happy Islands, this imperial Realm !

See, "In their pride the beautiful cities stand up. All over the land the centuries-grown villages, and farmhouses nestling among their trees. Old lanes and footpaths, great clean highways connecting; fields, every one to the people known by its own name. Hedgerows and straggling copses, and village greens; great sweeps of country, the orchards and deep lanes, the wild moorlands"—the land of Home.

And this was Home for everybody. Some of the men and the nurses aboard would take ship again later, departing to the homes of their birth, across the ocean ; but the Realm is also a home of theirs. Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, or who not, the Union Jack would still stream over them, for it is their flag too. Proudly it hung above them that day, gathering them all within its splendid folds.

There was next a lull in the cheering, for the people ashore watched something full of meaning that was taking place aboard. Troops and crews were ranking, sunlight sparkled on badges and buttons, rifles and drawn swords ; a drum-beat was heard, the cornet called again, and now from ship and shore "God Save our Gracious King" was sung, with a solemn joy.

First the song of Home, then the anthem of Loyalty; then came the third deep note in the music of Patriotism, the hymn of praise and hope. Firm stood the Islands, a bright image of calm and freedom; with gratitude the people of the Realm and Empire could look back, and with hopefulness gaze onward. So an old tune began ashore, and an old prayer went up again:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come."

CHAPTER II

Land of My Heart

". . . the ocean-girt isle
With the green isle under its lee"

By "the Realm" I mean the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—the British Isles—the Home Islands—of which London, the greatest city on the globe, is the capital. The United Kingdom and the Dominions, Dependencies, Protectorates, and Colonies make up "the Realm and Empire."

Sometimes in this book I use "The Empire" as a name for all the Britannic lands across the sea, and sometimes these are thought of as "Greater Britain." But by "the Realm and Empire" I mean all as being one—the United Empire—the Kingdom, Dominions, Dependencies, and Colonies all considered together.

The United Kingdom clasps the great band and bond of British power. This is a band which encircles the globe. America is the scene for the United States,

but the world is the scene for the United Empire and the English-speaking race. The British Isles were the cradle of that Race; therefore to all the people of that Race they should be lands of the heart—the land of Home. He who loves not, lives not; it is natural to love your home and your school.

It is also natural to love your country. Your country is the home and school of your National Family. At present you can hardly know how dearly you love your country, but the longer you live and the farther you travel the more you will think of your land as Home. To live removed from your native land is to dwell in exile; traitors do that, sometimes.

A traitor is false to his country, betraying it, scheming or fighting against it; a traitor is a renegade, disloyal and unfaithful; a traitor is an unfilial son or daughter of a country, who turns against it, for money payments, or out of hatred or disappointment; a traitor is a shame to his Race, unworthy of his blood, a breaker of the bond and band.

From his Kinship a traitor is shamefully cut off. But a patriot may emigrate, or have to live abroad, for reasons of employment or health; he is an exile, but honourable, and honourable exiles may remain a part of the people of the Realm and Empire; they do not "naturalise" themselves abroad—that is, they do not give up their birthright, signing papers which make them belong to the foreign land in which they have gone to live.

These honourable exiles often long after the land of Home; a Scot who for reasons of health had to dwell in a lovely Pacific isle used to long for Scotland

every day. "Be it granted to me to behold you again, in dying, hills of home!" he sang;

"We cannot break the bond that God decreed to bind,
Still we'll be the children of the heather and the wind,
Far away from home, oh, it's still for you and me
That the bloom is blowing bonnie in the north countrie."

An Englishwoman who lived in a palace at Venice, beautiful Venice in Italy, thought always of her native land, and longed to view

". . . the ground's most gentle dimplement,
(As if God's finger touched but did not press
In making England!), such an up and down
Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down,
A ripple of land; such little hills the sky
Can stoop to tenderly, and the wheatfields climb."

One's native land is always dearest; it lives in the heart. An Irishman dwelling in London, and longing for "green Erin," the land of the shamrock, wrote this:

"Ireland, O Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: 'Why an exile from me?
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?'

"Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart;
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart."

Millions of our Race have emigrated from the Realm since the 20th century began; they most of them would like to make at least a brief visit " home." Their sons and daughters have that longing too; to them the Realm is a land of the heart. And to people who dwell in this group of Islands how dear they are! A Welsh weaver wove his love of Wales into this:

" How dear is the land of my fathers to me,
The land of the minstrel, the home of the free,
Her fighters so fearless, her heroes so bold
For freedom have fought from of old.

" Dear land! O how I love thee, my land!
Till ocean's waves forsake thy strand
I'll cherish my dear native land."

Love of country begins at home. It spreads from the house to the village or town; then to the county —the country—the kingdom—the Realm and Empire. A stream begins on a hill-side; joined by other brooks it swells into a river; it reaches the coast, spreads past the Island, becomes part of the wide ocean.

Thus our patriotism, beginning in the love of a place and its people, can spread into proud love of the Realm, Empire, and Race to which we belong. Woe unto us, false patriots and bad citizens we are, perhaps even renegades, traitors, unless our patriotism widens:

"Far and far our homes are set, round the Seven Seas,
Woe to us if we forget, we that hold by these."

But we should not prevent our friendship going out towards the whole world.

CHAPTER III

The Shield of Patriotism

"Pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"

SOMETIMES a plough turns up a Roman coin out of British soil, and this is a witness to a bygone invasion, a proof of the power of a conqueror of Britain in the past.

A corner of England stands near to the mainland of Europe, and from Thanet to Folkestone there is no beach or cove at which bygone invaders did not land; upon every square mile of the English Channel, too, there was battle in the past. The white cliffs and the Channel do not themselves form a trench unconquerable; we need to watch.

Seas ring the Realm, as a moat used to surround a castle, but fierce nations of the mainland often sent ships and warriors across; many cruel incursions and three conquests took place. There was always one chief reason for these triumphs by invaders, however; the islanders could not defend their home properly because they were never at peace with themselves; they were unpatriotic; they did not avoid that worst kind of family quarrel which is called "civil war."

It is unpatriotic to be disunited; to be united is to be protected and aided one by another, all for each and each for all. The more united the people of a nation are the more safely the nation dwells

in its own house, and the more easily it manages its affairs; true patriotism begins in concord at home. For this reason the Realm ought to be brotherly with the Empire, and the nations of the Empire brotherly with the nations of the Realm.

Nearly twenty centuries ago Roman ships crossed the Channel, and soldiers in bronze armour attacked skin-clad Britons, who were disunited, and therefore unfit for their own defence. "The various bodies of Britons possessed valour without conduct, and the love of freedom without the spirit of union; they took up arms, but laid them down, or turned them against each other, and while they fought singly they were successively subdued."

Hundreds of years later, fierce Jutes and Angles could cross, land, and triumph, because the islanders had weakened themselves by civil strife. Later, Danes could master the country, because the English also wrangled among themselves. Nearly nine centuries ago Norman knights in mail crossed the Channel to conquer a land where brother was quarrelling with brother still.

One reason why the Germans dared to provoke the late War was because political quarrels and threats of civil strife had been heard among ourselves, and they supposed that we *could* not take up arms against them. Our system of Parties in politics does not always work patriotically; people may come to think more of their Party than of their country as a whole.

During the War a National Government was formed out of several Parties, and people of all Parties

supported it; except for this national unity we could not have fought the War well, and the horrible sights of invasion, homes burning, killing of children and slaughter of women, might have been seen here, as they were seen elsewhere.

To love Peace and keep it as long as may be is a duty, but Peace is not always kept. Peace itself must be protected against assault by the warlike:

> "I said, when evil men are strong,
> No life is good, no pleasure long."

We must aid the coming of a time when men shall learn war no more, but we must be able to defend ourselves meanwhile.

> "Britain resembles a bride adorned in her jewels,"

our earliest historian said; a rich and beautiful land tempts invaders, as honey does wasps. In every recent century some foreign monarch or nation has wished to master Europe and then conquer the Realm; we need to use the shield of patriotism and be strong.

CHAPTER IV

The Weapons of Patriotism

"And the stately ships go on"

If unity is our shield, the Army is our spear and the Navy our bow. We have often had to fight for our liberty, at home or abroad, and may have to do so again; our weapons must not rust.

Foreigners used to call the Realm "perfidious Albion," declaring that while we pretended to be peaceable we were always looking out for some excuse to fight; in the year 1739, they said, we actually went to war about a Welshman's ear!

But that was only part of the story. Little Captain Jenkyns, peacefully sailing his merchant ship on the high seas, was suddenly signalled, from a Spanish frigate, to stop; and though we were not at war with Spain just then, the Spaniards boarded Captain Jenkyns' ship and cut off his ear.

So he came to the House of Commons, bringing his ear wrapped up in cotton-wool. They asked him what he did when he saw the Spaniards about to attack his ship; his answer was, "I commended my soul to God and my cause to my country." What we went to war for sometimes was to protect British seamen and lawful trade.

Our ships must always journey safely to and fro. Two-thirds of our grain, half our meat, and most of our raw materials come to the Realm by sea. Therefore our food, life, and livelihood depend on the sea being free from enemies. So does our home defence. We must keep up armies for land service, but we must also be always so strong in ships that food and stuffs can reach us, and no foe be able to master us at sea.

With a microscope you may see particles of life-blood swimming through the veins of a frog's foot in a continual stream of life. If there were a "man in the moon," who had a telescope strong enough, he might watch the stream of our ships, steaming

on night and day. And this means life to the Realm and Empire; if ever our ships should cease to stream on, the Realm and Empire could not live.

Hear now, the story of three war-medals, records made in metal and meant to last. The first was "struck"—that is, minted, like a coin—to record a great victory over the "Invincible" Armada, the fleet of Spanish ships which came up the Channel in the shape of a crescent moon, measuring seven miles from tip to tip. The boastful Spaniards threatened the English with capture and torture; but the English medal which recorded their defeat had a modest and thankful inscription: it did not brag.

A sturdy Englishman, **Dr. Johnson**, once said that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel" he was thinking of the false "Patriotism" which is a boastful sham. Just as bullies are usually cowards at heart, so the loud-shouting, flag-wagging people who boast of their patriotism are usually pretenders. Every country has its shallow people who bluster; but real power is quiet as well as strong.

The Armada which the Spaniards called "the Invincible" was beaten by small English fleets under **Drake** and **Howard**. Then tempests began, and many of the Spanish ships drove northward, around the coasts of Scotland, their captains hoping to reach Spain that way. But gales and great waves wrecked nearly all those ships upon isles and reefs.

Strange sights were seen then along our western coasts: "**One great vessel came ashore on Aros, and, before the eyes of some solitary people on a hill-top,**

went down in a moment, with all hands; her colours flying even as she sank—a great ship, of many decks of guns." Treasures of costly armour and gold doubloons lie under water along our coasts to this day.

Eighty English ships, all small, had defeated a hundred and thirty Spanish vessels, nearly all large, and this was a famous English victory. But our Armada medal did not boast; it was humbly lettered: "with that religious inscription, 'He blew with His winds and they were scattered'"; the thanks and the glory of that deliverance were offered to the Most High.

When the Emperor Napoleon threatened the Realm, the camps of his Grand Army could be seen from Dover, lying like clouds of tempest over the hills near Boulogne. Transports lay waiting below, and there is a story that Napoleon himself came over one dark night, in a smuggler's boat; but his Grand Army never got across.

His transports dare not sail, for his warships could not help them; British fleets, under Nelson Collingwood, and Cornwallis were watching, and then, as lately again, our mercantile sailors and fishermen did patriotic duty manfully, watching in wild weather throughout long winters against attack. But Napoleon made so sure of victory that he had a medal minted beforehand, and it bore the lying inscription "Struck at London," though he never came to London, as you know.

The one British island he reached was St. Helena, his prison after British military courage and steadi-

ness had worn out his last army at Waterloo. Our land forces defeated him, our sea forces baffled him; his transports never crossed the Straits. British sea power foiled his Grand Army: "those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the domination of the world."

Lately, again, there was an Emperor who, like Napoleon, was jealous of our power:

"He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman!—to chain with chains and bind with bands
That island queen who sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind."

The German Emperor had warships and transports at command, and used the biggest Army the world had ever seen. The Germans minted a boasting medal; it showed the North Sea being forded, and a bugle being blown for the German Army to invade us; it was lettered with no humble, thankful inscription, but with "God injure England!"—words of hatred and spite.

The Germans took the name of God in vain. It is an awful crime to stir up war; a patriot's lawful use for weapons is in defence. In making the late War the Germans committed the most terrible crime known to history; they boasted and sinned, but failed. Safely again our

". . . stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill."

The "white cliffs of Albion" and the gleaming waters of the Channel moat us yet.

Long ago a patriot told us to "**Look to your moat! The first article in an Englishman's political creed must be that he believeth in the sea.**" Nelson wrote that "British seamen ought to be almost invincible; the superiority of the British Navy remains, and I hope always will."

We must keep our weapons ready, but for defence, not defiance—though sometimes the best way to defend is to attack. Our small Army must be kept fit for prompt action; our aircraft must keep the Realm an island of the air; our Navy must remain the readiest and best.

CHAPTER V

The Royal Navy

"Her arms along the deep proudly shone"

"There is a sight for you, upon the billow! A dozen men-of-war are gliding majestically out of port, calling on the Frenchman to come forth from his bights and his bays; and what looms upon us yonder from the fog-bank? A gallant frigate, towing behind her the long low hull of a crippled privateer, which but three days ago left Dieppe to skim the sea."

That was written more than a century ago, but even then "**the meteor flag of England**" had "**braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.**" Our Navy is the oldest as well as the greatest; long ago it was understood that ships are our best means of defence. More than ten centuries ago **Alfred** the

Great had "long ships" built, to fight off the pirate Danes, and Edgar, another early King, kept up three fleets, with a thousand galleys—oared vessels—in each.

Edward III was known as the "King of the Sea." Queen Elizabeth was called "the Lady of the Sea," and her "ships Royal" were "the terror of Spain." By Blake's fleets Cromwell began the British practice of seeing justice done to British people in any part of the world; Nelson made our flag "the wonder of the globe." Ours is the oldest Navy, but it must be kept the newest,—built, gunned, and manned in the best way. It is the Navy of the King; it must always remain the king of navies.

"The Navy of England may be divided into three sorts, of which one serveth for wars, another for carrying, and the third for fishermen": that was written in the sixteenth century. The Navy consists of fighting vessels mainly, but during the War merchantmen and trawlers formed auxiliary fleets and did national duty splendidly, conveying troops or supplies, watching against enemy ships or aircraft, sweeping up mines, reporting and destroying hostile submarines; coastguards and lifeboatmen did patriotic service too.

The Naval Reserve, the Naval Volunteer Reserve, and the Marines belong to the Navy. The Marines are "soldiers and sailors too." Their regimental motto means, "We go everywhere"; the Marines have fought gallantly alike on sea and land. The Flying Corps forms part of the Royal Air

Force now; in future Britannia must guard the air.

Our ships have usually been the best built, and the best at fighting. In Armada days it was claimed that "Certainly there is no Prince in Europe that hath a more beautiful or gallant sort of ships than the Queen's Majesty of England, and two of them will encounter with three or four of those of other countries, and either stave them in or put them to flight;" Thus Sir Richard Grenville's ship, the *Revenge*, once encountered with fifty-three; that was the sturdiest fight of all:

"The sun went down and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one
and the fifty-three:
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-
built galleons came;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame."

Grenville and his men knew they could not win this fight, but they had resolved that the enemy should not. They endured and fought on, so "that nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing that in so many hours' fight, and with so great a Navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours, fifteen thousand men, and fifty-three sail of men-of-war."

"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind," the captain of the *Revenge* said in his last hour. "For I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, Queen,

religion, and honour, my soul willingly departing from this body."

Build, seamanship, and pluck enabled one ship of ours at that time to keep up a running fight for three days against two galleons of double the weight and twice the crew; and another to engage four bigger ships and two galleys for sixteen hours. "Therefore the common report that strangers make of our ships amongst themselves is daily confirmed, which is that for strength, nimbleness, and swiftness, there are no vessels in the world to be compared with ours."

In the sixteenth century it was also written that "The King's navy exceeds all others in the world for three things: beauty, strength, and safety. For beauty, they are so many royal palaces; for strength (no part of the world having such iron and timber as England hath), so many moving castles and barbicans; and for safety, they are the most defensive walls of the realm."

That was so in the seventeenth century also, or the Dutch, then known as "the waggoners on every sea," would have kept the command of the waves. It is one of the proud traditions of our race that our sailors are always ready, against any odds; a British admiral with only two ships once faced a whole Dutch fleet.

It was so in the eighteenth century, too, when Admiral Hawke attacked a French fleet during wild, dark weather. "You can't get at them, sir," his pilot warned; "the sands and shoals will wreck you!" But Hawke dared that danger too. In spite of the wild darkness our ships went on.

"Down upon the quicksands, roaring out of sight,
Fiercely beat the storm wind, darkly fell the night,
But they took the foe for pilot, and the cannon's
glare for light,
When Hawke came swooping from the west!"

It was so in the nineteenth century again, at Trafalgar, the greatest battle between ships of wood.

It was so in the twentieth century, still, at the greatest battle between steel ships, when Admiral Beatty assailed the German fleet with only a few ships, holding on till Admiral Jellicoe and triumph came. And this was not by the bravery of the bluejackets only, but also by the steadfastness of the engineers and the stokers, who are called the "black squad."

We fought abroad, and our troops as well as our sailors had to cross the seas; in expeditions the Navy and the Army made one weapon—transports to convey the troops, and warships to convoy them. The ships were as the handle, and the Army as the head, of the hammer which struck the distant blow.

Our bluejackets have always been merry as well as brave, and not only fierce, but pitiful; the Navy rule is to venture your own life in saving a drowning foe's. This was Nelson's prayer at Trafalgar: "May the great God grant us a glorious victory; may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet."

CHAPTER VI

The British Regulars

"Forward stepped each fearless soldier,
Stately, firm and tall."

British Regular Armies used to be small, but were always noted for courage. There were but 6,000 men in the regiments which stormed the famous hill at Albuera in Spain, but "then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights.

"Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. Their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, as slowly the crowd of the enemy was pushed, by the vigour of the attack, to the farthest edge of the height; till the mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep; and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Soldiers of our Race have shown the lasting qualities that win. They did so again, in the recent War. Outnumbered, they have fought with constancy as well as daring; amidst hardships they have kept cheery and hopeful; against odds they have held on, held firm, and held out. Blenheim was a famous victory, yet the British there numbered 10,000 only; Marlborough, though "one of the great Captains of all time," never had more than 25,000 British with him all at once.

Wellington began his campaigns against Napoleon with 20,000 British only, and had but 28,000 with him at Waterloo. **Cromwell's** armies were small; so were those of **King Henry V.** It was never fair to our men that they should be so few, but one reason for fewness was the cost of paying them; since feudal days our soldiers have always drawn pay. In the year 1346 an archer got 6d. and a spearman 2d. daily; a knight's daily fee was 2s.; and even the Prince of Wales was then paid £1 a day.

"Patience can overcome all difficulties," **Marlborough** said, and patient our Armies have been. At Agincourt our soldiers were weary and hungry; they had marched 300 miles, and for four days had tasted no bread; yet all night they waited patiently in pouring rain. On the morrow they had to attack a foe five times their number; but, setting on with "a stern and appalling shout," our patient soldiers won the day.

At Agincourt they fought four deep, against foes that, thirty-one deep, came on. At Balaclava our "thin red line," two deep, broke the shock of masses of enemy cavalry. Ours have been perhaps the only troops that could be trusted to "fight in line," as this is called; during the late War the Germans attacked in masses. Napoleon said of our infantry that they were "lions." Just as coolly our Engineers have worked under fire.

Another specially British battle formation is the hollow square, which is the "thin line" bent, to present four faces of defence. In square at Abou

Klea 1,500 British withstood 5,000 frantic Arabs; elsewhere in Africa 106 of our men held 3,000 savage Zulus off. In squares the British held out at Waterloo till the hour for advance and victory came.

One reason for this steadiness has been good shooting by our infantry; whether with musket, rifle, or long-bow, our men have always been famous for firing. About the year 1550 Latimer wrote that "My father taught me how to lay my body to the bow—not to draw with strength of arm only, as other nations do, but with the strength of the body." Our Artillery have been just as skilful and cool.

British infantry were not only good at withstanding an enemy; they were brilliant in charging. At Minden nine battalions of our men attacked fifty-five squadrons of cavalry and sixty cannon. The enemy General said, "I never thought to see a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin."

Not less wonderful is the record of our Hussars and Dragoons. The battle of Blenheim was mainly won by them, and they cut through a whole army at Salamanca. "All the world wondered" at the charge of the Light Brigade, when "into the valley of death rode the Six Hundred," against horse, foot, and artillery all at once; but the charge of the Heavy Brigade was perhaps more wonderful still.

For 300 of them cut into 3,000 enemy cavalry, dashing on with a cheer in desperate attack, till their red uniforms seemed lost in a mass of green. Few, and each fighting singly, they gained the mastery over the broad, deep crowd of their foes, almost

from the first. Presently the 3,000 were seen to shrink and separate, and then to break away in rout and flight.

> "Follow!" and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
> Followed the Heavy Brigade.

If you read that aloud, you seem to hear the gallop of the big horses. Our Horse Artillery has been just as plucky; at Fuentes d'Onoro, in Spain, a battery had been encircled, but presently a great commotion was observed among the enemy, at a point where thick dust and loud cries showed that something unusual was going on, and

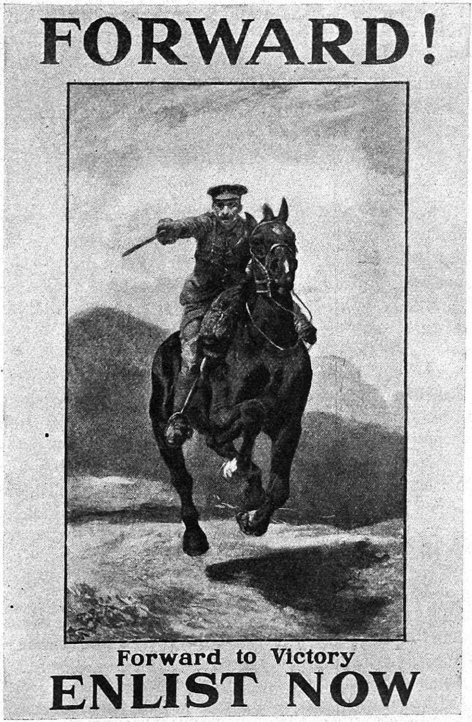
"Suddenly an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and the battery burst forth; their horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons," breaking through.

We are reading of

> "Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago,"

not for the mere sake of the victories. Our soldiers have always been both dreaded and admired; splendid have been their deeds; but the valour, constancy, patience, hopefulness, and the doing of duty were the real nobleness, the splendour that remains. Though we must not think of this boastingly, we can remember it with uplifting of heart. For

"Splendour like this is something more than mere outward adornment which graces the life of a nation.


FORWARD!
Forward to Victory
ENLIST NOW

It is strength—strength other than that of mere riches or gross numbers: it is strength carried on by proud descent from one generation to another; it is strength awaiting the trials that are to come."

It was this strength, this pride of nationhood, that made us hopeful when the great trial of the War came; our new soldiers then remembered what British soldiers had always done, and they fought as well as their forefathers, even better.

CHAPTER VII

Control of the Seas

"It runneth the earth's wide regions round"

Our Navy has long been a model; in the year 1600 a Kentish pilot, Will Adams, reached Japan, and the people there got him to teach them how to build a Fleet. They treated him with all honour, but kept him there, to build ships for them, and never allowed him to return home.

Now they burn incense at his tomb, as if he were a native saint and benefactor. And when

"The great grey battleships roll down upon the foe,
Or Togo's lean torpedo-boats charge shoreward
through the snow,
When the giant shells are crashing,
And the league-long searchlights flashing,
Then Will Adams sees the triumph of his toil
of long ago."

All modern Navies have been modelled after ours; the German Navy was a careful copy of it. But only the Realm and Empire has fully understood and used sea power. Without meaning it, and without even knowing it, we long ruled the world by command of the seas, and other nations did not understand how it was done.

Or the Dutch would have kept their power. Two hundred and sixty years ago one of them lamented that his country, Holland, once so wealthy, had suddenly become poor; that its cities, once thriving and lively, were idle and hushed; that the country swarmed with beggars, and grass grew in the streets of Amsterdam.

"Get us peace—make a peace!" this patriot cried. The Dutch were at war with the Realm just then, and the Realm was the stronger at sea. Dutch vessels dare not sail. The herring fishery, then called the "gold mine of Holland," was abandoned, and so many smacks and merchantmen lay in hiding that "the Zuyder Zee resembled a forest of masts."

During the recent War German and neutral ports were crowded with German ships that hid from capture. Almost from the first the Allies had command of the sea; British sea power had never so utterly ruled the waves before. Sometimes, in a flurry of terrified daring, the German Fleet or a few cruisers ventured out, but not far, unless under cover of night or fog. It was so with the Austrian Fleet in the Adriatic too.

Our ships could safely convey troops, food, and ammunition across the sea, because the command

of it—that is, the mastery upon salt water—was ours. Canadian, Australasian, South African, and Indian forces could safely cross the oceans; without attack, except from a few cruisers at first, though later with great destruction, from a swarm of submarines, the vast business of our shipping could go on. And why? Because our Navy reigned supreme.

Supreme it must always be; our safety and prosperity depend on that. No wise patriot will assent to any stinginess in building and manning our Fleets. People pay to insure their houses against loss by fire, and money spent on the Navy may insure us against future fire and slaughter. It is better thus to pay some money year by year than some year lose all.

Because the Germans failed at sea they lost their colonies, and their ocean trade meanwhile. Grass grew upon their quays. Not only their ports but their inland districts suffered; no proper supplies of raw materials or goods could reach them, and they could send hardly any goods out for sale oversea. Most Germans found it hard to make a living; food became so scarce or dear that most Germans found it hard to live. If sea power can thus injure mainland enemies, think how much more the Realm might suffer if we lost the control of the waves.

Germany and Austria had roads and railways reaching them from other countries, and we have not; from Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and other neutral countries which border them, some supplies could arrive by rail; to us they could not. Germany

Boys
Come over here
you're wanted
LONDON
DOVER
CALAIS
DIEPPE
AMIENS
HAVRE
PARIS

and Austria-Hungary were food-growing countries, too, and they were allied with Bulgaria and Turkey; land traffic could go on in them all, in spite of the war. Yet Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria had to suffer because of our sea power.

The Realm is well placed on the globe for trade, but chiefly for trade by sea. Our roads and railways are short, they end at the coasts, at present; until a Channel Tunnel is made, ships are our only bridges across the Channel and the North Sea. Much of our food must be brought to us by water; Canadian and Australasian growers of food would lose their best market if the way to our ports were blocked by hostile fleets. Command of the sea is as important to the Empire as to the Realm.

The Realm is a great manufacturing country, and a supply of raw materials is almost as much a need with us as a supply of daily bread. Without such materials, no labour; without labour, no goods to sell; without sales, no income; without income, no food. It is a matter of life that ships should reach us daily; it might be a matter of death if we lost the command of the sea.

"The Fleet of England is her all-in-all," and the Navy is just as necessary to the Empire. Water links the Empire with the Realm, the ocean joins them physically, and there is no other visible touch. The Empire is an enlargement of the Realm and the two are one, but they could not long remain united if enemies ruled the sea. During the War Australian cruisers captured German ships and colonies,

but if Germany had been master at sea, Australian, Canadian, and South African ports would have been bombarded.

The sea is a vast wilderness; think how lonely and strange it can be. "A filmy ship looms now and then" in the distance, but soon dips below the horizon. Stealthily an invading Fleet can approach; land armies move by known roads and railways, but the sea is like a vast common, over which invasion may come by any route, at first unseen. The sea is all road, and it is a good road for invasions; troops can move by sea twenty times as fast as by land.

As the water provides those silent paths, so do the coasts offer many spots for landing. Wireless telegraphy helps defence, but our ships must be numerous enough to be watchful enough; our Fleets must be many, as well as strong.

CHAPTER VIII

Sea Power and Land Empire

"Her power was everywhere that her ships could reach"

A TRAINING-SHIP with three hundred lads aboard went down in a gale, near Portsmouth. Portsmouth was dear to many of the lads, for it was their home; but upon this last day of a long voyage the ship and its young crew went down.

The sea is full of perils, even in times of peace; the bed of the ocean is strewn with the bones of island mariners; this is part of the "price of admir-

alty" which our race has to pay. But without the daring of our sailors our Empire could never have come into being.

We were not the first nor the greatest explorers, but islanders are naturally sons of the sea. Long ago people of the Realm, living near the coast, became good boatmen, daring seamen, able ship-builders, skilful navigators. Sea traffic brought trade and wealth into the Realm; this wealth encouraged inland craftmanship; and thus our manufacturing business began to grow up.

On a map the Realm looks small, a mere grain, but it has been as a grain of radium. Our sea power crossed the water, to some continent or island, found a foothold, planted a colony, and kept returning to it with fresh supplies. When such a colony began to flourish it was largely left to itself, as a well-grown child may be; though the flag still floating over it showed that this piece of Britain abroad was under the guard of the Realm.

Blue water used to be thought to divide countries, but for us it links them. Unlike roads and railways, the sea is never worn out by wheels, and costs nothing to repair, but sea power must find harbours handy on every stretch of coast, docks where ships can be mended, coaling stations where steamers may get supplies of fuel; therefore we have dotted the map of the world with these for use.

But not for our own use only; our sea power is peaceable. Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hong Kong are our ports

on the ocean highway from Europe to Japan, and some of them are fortified; but we open them to other nations; our ports may be likened to inns, which any ship and anybody who travels the ocean may use in peace-time. We guard, but we allow, the freedom of the seas.

A few military and naval stations of ours are footholds only, footholds in lands which do not form part of the Empire, and these resemble stepping-stones, for vast strides about the globe. Some of these give a returning traveller his first sensation of reaching home; as a ship comes up the Atlantic Gibraltar stands out like a sentinel of ours.

> "Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
> Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
> We ride into still water and the calm
> Of a sweet evening, screened by either shore
> Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er.
> Our exile is accomplished: . . . .
> . . . . at this door
> England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
> Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
> And at the summons of the rock-gun's roar
> To see her red coats marching from the hill!"

This wide and varied domain has not been gained by chance; our Race may well be said to have earned its great place in the world. "If the colonizing nations were now by name called up at some memorial review, the British Race would be heard upon every wind, coming on with mighty hurrahs, full of power." That was written seventy years ago.

But "Those twenty-five thousands of ships, whose graceful shadows darken the blue waters in every climate,—did they build themselves? That myriad of acres laid out in the watery cities of docks—were they sown by the rain?"

An Italian recently said: "My most vivid memory is of standing at an upper window of the house where I was born, and seeing for the first time a huge, majestic steamship approaching the quay. It seemed as though the throbbing monster could crush our little city under its keel. And as my childish gaze wandered over its imposing bulk and followed the movements of the stalwart British seamen, my father, placing his hand on my shoulder, said: "Look, my son; those are rulers in the world."

Our land Empire was sown by sea power, to begin with. Most of it was gained by settling, some of it was won by war, some was purchased; but all of it came through energy, courage, and steadfastness, shown by people of our Race. Much of it was so thinly-peopled, before we settled it, as to rank as waste ground. We lost some lands by unwisdom. Thirteen colonies in North America separated themselves from us because the Realm had not then learned how to rule by liberty and hold by love.

Not so much by plan and purpose as by individual effort and adventure, the Realm built up the vastest of Empires, the most fertile and most varied. Scattered like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, it stretches into all climates, zones, longitudes; grows every kind of herb, plant, tree; yields every sort of mineral; feeds every kind of animal; and, best of all, breeds

to the world honoured women, brave and honest men.

Peopled by many races—white, brown, black, and yellow—our domain is chiefly managed by one Race, our own. But it welcomes all comers, governs them by just laws, that are fairly enforced, and offers them all the advantages of life among us. Our great system of liberty and law is not yet perfect, and our Empire is still young; but if we are true patriots we shall help perfection on.

Circumstances favoured us in the past, and aided us to form the Empire; we could never do it now if it had now to be begun. We are the oldest northern Power, and the greatest. "Old England" does not mean aged, worn-out England, however; we are still nationally young and strong. We can rise to greater duties and glories yet, if we will.

"There's a far bell ringing,
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done."

But we are far from our sunset yet. The greatest days of our wonderful and stupendous system are to come.

Sixty years ago, in a time of trouble, an American wrote of the Realm that, "I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before. I see her not decrepit but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail, Mother of nations, Mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time!"

Sixty years later than that, part of the joy of the

Peace was that again we had been "equal to the time." By means of the greatest expenditure, the greatest Fleet, and the greatest voluntary Army ever seen, we had won in the greatest of Wars.

CHAPTER IX

The Colours of Patriotism

"At the masthead, white, blue, and red"

OVER land and sea floats our Flag, the sign and emblem of our Realm and Empire—the Union Jack. A "jack" is a flag displayed in the forefront of a vessel; sometimes it forms part of a larger flag, and is flown at the masthead. The Union Jack is our colours; "colours" is an old name for a banner or ensign; an ensign is a token of the nation which it represents.

There is no greater flag than ours. We may even claim that there is none so great, none that represents such a mighty present or such a splendid past. An ancient flag such as ours is hallowed by memories of deeds and devotion long continued; with each century that passes it becomes more and more a symbol of what a nation has been and is.

Therefore the flag of a nation can become almost holy, as well as dear; at sight of it in a foreign port a patriot feels a thrill:

"I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor, England, did I know till then
The love I bore to thee."

This love becomes so proud and dear that people will die for their flag, if needs be.

Our Flag is a sacred thing; it must never be dishonoured; to be a traitor is one of the worst of crimes. Our colours must never be "struck"—that is, hauled down; above our stalwart ships in battle the flag was "nailed to the mast," so that no chance shot might cause it to fall. The ensigns, or young officers who used to carry flags into land battles, had to die rather than let them be captured. Neither craven nor traitor can be allowed to dishonour the Flag.

A flag in itself is but a strip of silk or bunting, costing little, but if it is enriched by the memory of deeds and endurance in the past, it inspires to endeavour and deeds in the present. If you march in a battalion, and think the flag which leads you on is only a piece of printed calico with a yellow fringe, you will not go far on the march. But if you think that the flag is a sign of your country, you will go far, light-footed, with a glad and patient heart.

Soldiers and sailors of the United States call their flag "Old Glory." Much older a flag is ours. There are as many flags as nations; each country has a flag to love and honour, but none more merits love and honour, service and sacrifice, than ours.

Over land and sea it streams in pride; it streams in affection, too, for it is the flag of home. It reminds us of home when we are abroad; it seems to beckon us back to the place where we were born:

"As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving."

The very hues of our flag seem to have meaning. The red represents energy and valour, let us say; the white stands for freedom, good faith, fair play; and the blue for the waves which Britannia rules. But it is the union of the English, Scottish, and Irish national flags which gives the Union Jack its hues. It is the flag of the crossed crosses, and the cross is a symbol of sacrifice; without readiness to offer oneself no patriotism is real.

The red cross shaped thus + was the cross of "St. George for Merry England!" as the old battle-cry used to be. The white cross shaped thus × represents the cross of "St. Andrew for Scotland"; the red cross shaped thus ✕ was the cross of "St. Patrick for Ireland"; Wales has her own emblem, but shares in the red cross of St. George. The other nations and the colonies of the Empire have their own flags and badges, but the Union Jack forms part of each.

The Dominion of Canada flag displays the Union Jack and the Canadian badge. The Dominion of New Zealand flag shows the Union Jack and the stars of the Southern Cross. The flag of the Commonwealth of Australia shows the Union Jack, the Southern Cross, and two other stars. The flag of the Union of South Africa displays the Union Jack and the badge. These badges are coats-of-arms; each colony

has its badge. The flag of India is the Union Jack with the Star of India as a badge.

These are colours that must never be lowered at the bidding of a foe. We must never flaunt them in any bullying way, for that would be bad manners, behaviour too small for a Realm and Empire so great; but we must keep them respected. England used to require that other flags should be lowered when they met hers in English waters; in the year 1530, little Prince **John of Gaunt**, aged ten, fought like a man in a sea battle to keep the English Flag honoured in that way.

But for one flag to be "dipped," or lowered, to salute another now is only a piece of good manners; we no longer treat other national ensigns haughtily; we have learned how not to domineer. Yet upon all the blue water of the globe the Union Jack floats best. All the seaboard nations, all the seafaring people, and all the points of the compass know it well; the north wind blows blasts at it, the south wind stirs it above coral beaches, the east wind screams at it, the west wind follows it home.

No other flag ever flew so far or so well, over every continent; no other flag is so often seen at sea; it follows the march of morning around the globe. At the head of our Regulars it has pressed far inland, too, a sign of deliverance from tyranny. Many foreign Kings and Emperors have hated the power of it; many nations have envied the glory of it; but the best is that everybody knows it to be the flag of the cheery and daring, the fair-dealing and free.

CHAPTER X

The Red and the Blue

"Survey our Empire and behold our home"

RED is the Royal colour, and ours is a Realm; our soldiers used to be called red-coats, because military costume—"King's uniform"—was red, until khaki came into wear. Therefore those parts of the earth's surface reigned over by the King are red on the map. Consider a map of the world, how much of it is tinted red; and think, with a sense of duty as well as pride, how vast is the spread of our power.

The surface of the earth is mapped over with those patches of red; our domain is so wide and manifold that it shares in every continent and fringes every ocean; the numberless islands and isles of it lie like stepping-stones across every great sea. It is as big as all Africa; it is three times as big as all Europe. One-fourth of the land surface of the whole planet belongs to the Realm and the Empire; the rest is divided among fifty Powers, great or small.

Australia is nearly as large and Canada is larger than the United States of America; British South Africa is larger than France and Germany combined. Our share of the land surface of the globe is about four million square miles bigger than Russia's was, about eight million square miles bigger than that of France, about nine million square miles bigger

than the United States of America, and twelve million square miles bigger than the lands of the Germans who lately challenged our strength.

Even before the War it was written in Sweden that "the British world-Empire includes a quarter of the land and the lordship of the sea; the British have spread their rule over seventeen-twentieths of the planet." Nearly five hundred millions of people dwell within the Empire and the Realm, four times as many as the subjects of all the other European Powers put together.

About one-third of the people in the whole world live under our Flag; there is every tint of skin; ours is the great colonising and governing race of the world. No other Power, past or present, could be compared with this; it is a planetary domain, broadcast upon the globe. And this, together with the energy and valour which earned it, is the red in the map.

Yet this is not all. All this is linked, guarded, and supplied by our Navy and our mercantile marine. We have been and are the great seafaring Race:

> "Others may use the ocean as their road;
> Only the British make it their abode."

There are always half a million people of our Race upon the sea. You have seen a family of water-fowl upon a pond? Like that, the Realm, the countries, and the islands of the United Empire seem to swim the ocean. Our speech is heard along every coast, our Flag is known the sea-world over. But we do not abuse this power; we use it loyally, for

the benefit of all, allowing equal rights to the ships of every peaceable nation.

Napoleon accused us of being tyrants at sea, and so did the Germans recently; but no other nation makes that complaint. Eight hundred years ago it was English law that "all merchants, of what nation soever, shall have safe conduct, to pass into and repass from England, enjoying peace and security." Even when we owned both coasts of the Channel we levied no toll upon foreign shipping. We must still act fairly, as wardens of the sea.

Our warships police the blue water, preventing slavery, putting down piracy, protecting honest traffic, and guarding the peace of the main; our ships of exploration verify charts, discover new passages, sound new depths, report wrecks and other fresh dangers to navigation, refit remote lighthouses, and keep the ocean shipshape; our liners and merchant vessels convey most of the sea travellers and sea trade of the world.

Submarine telegraph cables and wireless telegraph stations belong to us. We have been the chief ocean map-makers. Time at sea and distance east or west are reckoned from Greenwich, our Observatory that sets the sea-clocks for the world. Our men make splendid sailors, pilots, captains, navigators, naval commanders. And this is the blue in the Flag.

We have a second vast possession, therefore—the Empire of the Ocean; and upon this doubly great domain of ours the sun never sets, for night never darkens it all; every hour, and every season

of the year, rest within it, at the same time. As the great ball Earth turns from night into morning, and sunrise sparkles upon meridian after meridian, our ship-bells announce the new day upon all navigated waters, and our bugles sound the reveille—the revelly, as they say in the Army—to our regiments on land.

And thus the drum-beat of the British "following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain." Merrily the ship-boys strike the bells, gladly the lads of the drum-and-fife bands play their part in this great rallying chorus, and proudly the boys with the gleaming, tasselled bugles blow the echoing call.

The call to what? For us to show such energy and courage as our forefathers did, who adventured, explored, traded, emigrated, cheerfully toiled, and fought. There were not five million people in the Realm when this, the greatest Empire the world has ever seen or is likely to see, began to develop; our domain is the reward of efforts made by people who were few. But they were fit, and we, too, must make ourselves fit, for like duty:

> "The same arts that did gain
> A power must it maintain."

The British power is held together by loyalty to one easy and equal rule. This vast band and bond has been called an "invisible but living tether," that links "the reader of this book with the cannibal Papuan chief, the Indian Maharaja, the settler on the

BECKONING

Canadian prairie, and the Bushman with no property save a bow and arrows.

"This invisible but living tether binds the negro digging in the sugar plantations of Jamaica; the tea-planter riding over his estates in Ceylon, and the coolies who run at his nod; the white merchant watching his cargoes coming into the harbours at Sydney, and the yellow merchant counting his bales at the wharves of Hong Kong;

"The Sudanese swinging across the desert on his camel; the young subaltern looking up at Gordon's statue at Khartoum; the black pagan of Nigeria dancing at night by his village fires; the South Sea Islander on a piece of board riding the surf that breaks on his coral island; and the Secretary of State sending from Whitehall 'wireless' messages that guide the movements of the Grand Fleet a hundred leagues across the sea."

Ship-bell and bugle call us to maintain as one this wonderful linked Power; all round the world they mingle their calls to us, in the cheerful music of Patriotism; "One speech, one Flag, one heart," they say. The past of our Race lives on in us; we can say of what our forefathers did that *we* did it: shall the world be able to say of *us* that at last the British failed? Or shall we fit ourselves to join in that great music, keeping it up through space and time in "one continuous and unbroken strain"?

CHAPTER XI

The White in the Flag

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon this memorable scene"

COME, we must help our country on, and help to make it better: patriotism does not mean proud love and music only, merely to sing the national anthem and to wave the flag. To shield our country from enemies is not enough; we must keep the name of our country clear of stains. We must preserve the whiteness, the noble whiteness, of our Flag.

Upon the great scene of the Realm and Empire we must do nothing knowingly unjust, base, false, spiteful, mean, or cruel; even though other Peoples should do such things to us. Part of the whiteness is that we do not hate, not even our foes. Revenge is not patriotism; no harsh or shameful act of ours must sully the fairness, the fair whiteness, in our Flag. Our country must be right as well as irresistible—a blessing, not a bane, to the world.

Part of that whiteness is the love of human liberty. Loving freedom ourselves, we ought to respect it in other nations. Therefore we are not to bully, despise, or belittle them; nor even hate them when they jealously hate us. We are great, and we must not act as if we were petty; we are rich in power, and must not be mean. The weak have rights, and

the strong have duties; we must not hustle the little, nor shove the frail to the wall.

Part of our good name in the world comes from our Race not cherishing hatred; the world knows that in our dealings with other nations we have tried to be fair and even generous—more than fair. This must go on; we must never usurp the dues of other nations; though we must never permit them to forget what is due to ourselves.

We have to be straightforward, honest, faithful; we cannot behave as if we were people to whom "a treaty is but a piece of paper, a seal but a bit of wax." A King of Siam once pointed to the Union Jack and said, " Can that Flag ever lie?" It is part of the whiteness that we keep our promises, observe the Law of Nations, and try peaceable modes of settling disputes before thinking of going to war.

In these ways and others we must try to keep our page unblotted, with

> "—never a stain
> On the fair white page of renown."

You in your turn must keep it pure. " Now, gentlemen, to your posts!" a great General, Marlborough, used to say on the morning of a battle, but we must keep at our posts during peace also, and not brag.

We must never forget that there are other nations in the world, with their own native countries and flags to love and honour. If we consider their countries and flags inferior to ours, we cannot expect them to think so. People do not so much think

patriotism as feel it, and we are not the only patriots in the world. "You ought to love your country just as you love your father and mother, but you must remember that other people love their country too."

We must be generous and charitable of mind towards other nations, therefore; generosity is to be part of the white in our flag. So is freedom; as we have been eager to be free ourselves, we must respect the liberties of other nations. It is because we love fair play and justice that we cannot bear oppression; therefore we must never oppress other nations.

We say that a bully is a coward, and sometimes when a big nation has bullied a small one we have stepped in to stop the unfair fight or to "help the little chap"; part of the world's respect for us comes from that. Because we believe in political liberty, we have given shelter to foreigners who were in danger of death in their own country for trying to make their country politically free; they fled to us, and we refused to give them up.

It was so with negro slaves, in the days of slave-owning; whenever one of them reached our shore, or swam to one of our ships, from that moment he became a free man:

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country and their shackles fall."

Part of the white in our Flag stands for Liberty, therefore—freedom from lawless rule; freedom of conscience in thought and worship; freedom to

speak, in public or private, as we honestly think; and the freedom in writing and printing which is known as "the liberty of the Press." These liberties exist throughout the Realm and Empire; the old persecutions have ceased; and this is part of the white in the Flag.

We use no hard system of rule; we believe in "Government of the people by the people, for the people," by elected Parliaments, chosen Ministers, and just laws; the British Parliament, called the Mother of Parliaments, has many children. Liberty means living freely, in your own best way; it is natural to wish "that I may have a life which I can call my own"; ourselves we have felt that wish; but we must remember that other people feel it. And therefore, though the Realm has said to the Empire, "Be with us" and "Be of us," it has also said, "Be free."

Beginning in the Realm, political freedom and self-government were extended into the Empire, and have spread into other parts of the world. King and Parliament make laws in the Realm, Governors and Parliaments make them in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and South Africa, which have responsible government—that is, Parliaments and Cabinets of their own.

The Crown appoints Viceroys, Governors-General, Governors, and other high officials, to represent the King over sea. Colonies such as Jamaica and Mauritius have representative government, by means of Councils of their own. India and Egypt and the Soudan show many local forms of rule. Crown

Colonies, such as Ceylon and Hong Kong, are managed from the Realm.

Our Empire way is "government of each by itself and all by all." Our Empire is no set of colonies stiffly ruled from London; most of it is inhabited by self-ruling nations, content with the customs and good-tempered ways of the Race. A group of free peoples is thus woven into one great Free People, loyal to one Crown; and this is part of the white in the Union Jack.

Regard for law, and determination to vindicate it, also help to make up the white. Our laws are not now harsh; therefore they can rightly be enforced; they offer equal treatment to high and low, to natives as well as the ruling Race. Our laws protect and widen human liberty; even in the days of a Plantagenet king the chief English judge could say that "the laws of England do in all cases declare in favour of liberty."

We began in the savage, cruel old way that was general once. Some pages of our record we read with shame; sometimes the white in our Flag has been stained; faults and unwisdom often soiled the bygone fringes of it. A famous Russian wrote that "The British dwell in the best-managed House in the world," but some of the foundations of our House were laid in cruelty and blood.

We have since tried to atone for that. If henceforth we strive to act always in justice and mercy, extending kindliness and freedom wherever we have power, our House may rise higher and show more worthy yet. We are to work and act

for the benefit of all mankind, not only of ourselves, until

"Our flag on every wind unfurled
Proclaims from sea to sea
A future and a nobler world,
Where man and thought are free."

CHAPTER XII

Lands of Light

*"Cape beyond cape, in endless range
Those twinkling points of fire"*

At sunset, as people cross from France towards England, or come up the Channel eastward, they see against the sky something long and dark, which seems to rest upon the water like a vast ship. It is the south coast of England, ship-like in outline; in places the cliffs stand up as the turrets of a Dreadnought do.

A sailor came up the Channel one night, and this is what he saw: "The headlands retreated, the bays advanced, into one unbroken line of gloom. The lights of the earth mingled with the lights of heaven; but above the tossing lanterns of a trawling fleet a great lighthouse shone.

"Below its steady glow, the coast resembled the high side of an indestructible craft riding motionless upon the immortal and unresting sea. The dark land lay alone in the midst of waters, like a mighty ship bestarred with vigilant lights—a ship carrying the

burden of millions of lives—a ship freighted with dross and with jewels, with gold and with steel.

"She towered up immense and strong, guarding priceless traditions and glorious memories. A great ship! For ages had the ocean battered in vain her enduring sides. A ship mother of fleets and nations! The great Flagship of the Race! Stronger than storms, and anchored in the open sea!" That is a tribute paid to the Realm by one who does not belong to our Race.

Even so, like a world's fleet of ships, big or little but almost countless, the lands, islands, and islets of the Empire rest upon all the open waters of the world. Some of them are continents or huge shares of continents, some of them look like dots on a map, and some of them are too small for even the biggest map of the world to show. But though scattered, they all are as one.

They adorn and enliven the waters and the sky. In the south lies the great ship Australia,

> "Where dim her purple shore-line stands
> Above the sea."

From Table Mountain above Cape Town the vapour streams off, like clouds of smoke from the funnel of a great steamer. The vast ship Canada, anchored between the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic oceans, lifts

> " . . . . the might of her giant mountains,
> Baring their brows in the dazzling blue."

At the Antipodes, right around the world from the Realm, and like it in shape,

. . . New Zealand, 'mid a sea of storms
Lifts hills that threaten heaven like Titan forms."

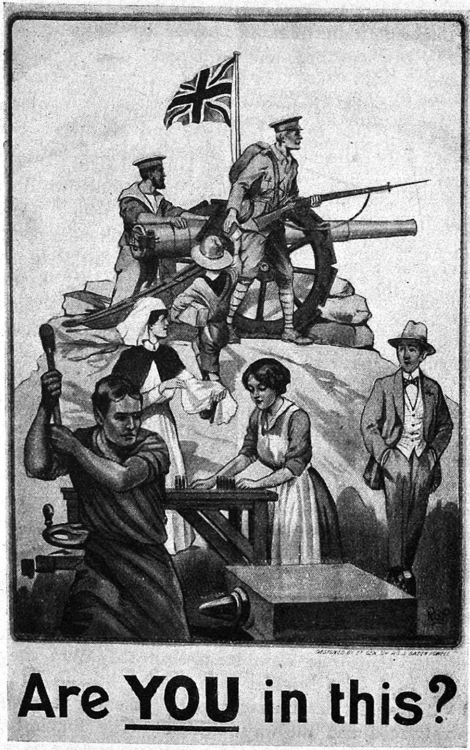
And these are lands of light; as the coasts are lit up by our beacons, so do the lands and islands of the Realm and Empire shine with law, liberty, and gracious honour.

Ours were not the earliest lands of light; others began to shine out of the night before our own did; but none has shone so widely as our own. Ours have lighted regions that else would still be gloomy and cruel; night may sink upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea, but the great beacons lit by our Race still glow in guidance. Our lands and islands lie upon the seas like light-ships; without them vast parts of the world would be dark indeed.

"Britain is saving France," a Frenchman wrote during the War. "Britain is saving the civilised world," an American said. "The British fight like gentlemen," said a Dane; "the Germans do not." The Germans fought to spread darkness; we fought to maintain light. In Switzerland it was written that "now, while war is raging, we Swiss look to Britain as to a lighthouse that no storm can obscure."

Proud you ought to feel at words like these, but determined you ought to be, in your own turn, to deserve them. Your Race, Realm, and Empire show greater than ever now, because of the War; they must also shine brighter than ever.

The world has been changed by the way the War was waged and the way it ended. The Empire is wider than it was; it is also greater, because it is


Are YOU in this?

nobler; it has been made nobler by the deeds of our Race in the War, by the brave deaths that so many of them died, and by a purer pride of nationhood.

The world of duty for our Race has now been enlarged. Our task of leading and guiding is now more lofty, and also more difficult than it was. We are now called upon to be better patriots, wiser rulers, more united among ourselves, more just and kindly towards other races than ever; our Lands of Light must shine with a whiter radiance still.

Maybe our power will continue to grow, new colonies or provinces being added to the Empire. If so, this must go on in the true Britannic way, the way of liberty, peace, justice and commerce, not by conquest or terror. For the true power of the Realm "lies not in armaments and invasions, but in industry and the high power of civilisation.

"There are provinces she cannot grasp; there are islands she cannot hold fast; but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the words, 'Be free.' Every land wherein she favours the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she forbids them to be stifled, is her own." And that is our greatest Empire of all.

CHAPTER XIII

A Vision of Four

"Behold, therefore, whereunto thou art called"

A GOOD way to understand what patriotism means is to know what great patriots have thought and done in the past. That day at Dover I seemed to see four of our greatest stand upon the cliffs to watch peace and victory return.

The first of the four wore the dress of a gentleman in Queen Elizabeth's time; he had a pleasant face, he smiled and jested, there was grace and delight in all he said. As he watched, he praised the Realm:

"This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm—"

But he warned us not to be unfriendly with each other:

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself;
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

It was Shakespeare told us that.

A soldier stood near, a man with a hooked nose, a cocked hat, and a long military cloak over his folded arms. He watched the troops on the transport. "Good lads!" he said. "I never saw finer fellows. But they've only done their duty. **We** did, too, in our day. Duty's the thing. War or peace, the Kingdom's got to be carried on."

Now this was **Wellington**, the great soldier who became Prime Minister in peace-time; but I looked at the third of the four, because "Carry on!" is a saying they have in the Navy, and the third man wore the dress of an Admiral. Thin and pale he was, half blind and lacking one arm, for an empty sleeve was pinned to his breast, as so many sleeves are empty now. He put up an old telescope and scanned the cruiser.

"Mighty fine ship!" he said. "I never had a frigate like that! But whatever your craft is, big, little, old, or new, you must carry on. England expects every man to do his duty!" And this was **Nelson**, of course, who "**has left us a name and an example, a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and strength.**" The black neckerchief worn by men in the Navy is a sign of mourning for Nelson to this day.

Nelson was our greatest Admiral; perhaps **Marlborough** was our greatest General; but **Wellington** defeated Napoleon, who had been the greatest General in the world. The watchword of Nelson and Wellington both was Duty. Now they both sleep in St. Paul's; but the figure of Nelson, from the pillar above Trafalgar Square, watches seaward still.

1805 "ENGLAND EXPECTS" 1915
ARE YOU DOING YOUR DUTY TO-DAY ?

The fourth had a solemn face; he wore the dress of Cromwell's time. John Milton was no soldier nor sailor, but he speaks for other noble services. To him his country seemed holy, as blest of God; he thought of London as "a city of refuge, the Mansion House of liberty, encompassed and surrounded by His protection."

"Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are," he said. "A Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.

"The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation, nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is ingeniously practised; the English archers were the terror of Christendom. And to complete the crown of all the glory, their piety and devotion to God and His worship hath made them one of the most truly noble nations in the Christian world."

He urged that schools should prepare the young "to perform all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war," and should "lead and draw their young hearts in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages." It is patriotic to study well at school.

A patriot should have with him always a vision of the great past, so that he may use the present better and prepare a greater future. During the late War the walls bore posters which said, "Your King and Country need you." There are pictures

of them in this book. These posters are covered over now, but King and country need you—*you!*—still.

Peace has come, but War may return; therefore, as Milton said, you must fit yourselves "to perform all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." As Shakespeare said, you have to "rest true" to the best things in your race. As Wellington said, the Realm and Empire have to be carried on. And as Nelson said, every one of us is expected to do his duty.

We must therefore be "stirred up," as Milton said, to become brave men and women, worthy patriots, "dear to God and famous to all ages." Though we cannot all be famous to all ages, we can all deserve to be, as so many unknown patriots did in the past.

CHAPTER XIV

The Past Shows Through

" 'The best hearts are ever the bravest,' replied my Uncle Toby "

Before printing was used books had to be copied by hand, upon sheepskin dressed into sheets of lasting parchment called vellum. Vellum was costly, and sometimes a scribe would find his stock of it run short.

So then he would take an old piece of parchment already written upon, some book or document which he did not prize, and he would scrape the writing

off it, to make it blank again. But he could seldom quite erase the old writing, and some of the old marks would show through.

Marks of the past of our Race show through its present, like that; during the War the old national character kept on showing through. For instance, on their way to Ypres British regiments passed through Cressy, a place where, in the year 1346, a small British Army defeated three times as many as themselves; a Frenchman of that time told how

"The Genoese bowmen made a great leap and cry to abash the English, but the English stood still, and stirred not for that. And a second time they made a great leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, but the English removed not one foot. The Genoese again leaped and cried, and went forward until they came within shot, and they shot fiercely, with their cross-bows. But then stepped forth the English archers one pace, and their arrows fell so thick that it seemed to snow."

The Genoese fled back from that shower, through the woods of Cressy; so did Germans there, nearly six hundred years later, staggered by British rifle-fire. The old qualities had not died out. Our men again stood cool and staunch, serene and steadfast, skilful at shooting, terrible without blustering; all the clamour of big guns and the rush of massed enemies could not daunt them one foot, and they baffled enemies who were three to their one.

In the year 1802 an English patriot wrote home that from Calais he had seen "the coast of England like a cloud, crested with Dover Castle, which was

like the summit of a cloud," and Napoleon wrote to one of his Generals: "I saw the coast of England distinctly; I could see the houses, and even objects moving. The Straits are merely a ditch that can be crossed if we are bold. Let us be master of the Straits for six hours, and we shall then be masters of the world." When our brave troops made the German Emperor fail to capture Calais, it was an old mark showing through.

In the year 1367 the Black Prince led an English Army into Spain to regain the country from invaders, and it was told at the time how the Black Prince "laid his right hand on the King and said, 'Sir King, ye shall know this day if ever ye shall have any part of the Realm of Castile or not; and therefore advance banners, in the name of God and St. George.'" In that same spirit our Army went out to fight for the Belgians, singing as they went.

"Slow to begin, but never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee."

England used to be known as Merry England, because the people sang and whistled and were blithe. The men who fought at Cressy long ago were gay in privations and perils, and gaily our soldiers and sailors kept up their spirits during the War. "I watched them for three hours in icy wet weather," a Frenchman wrote in the year 1915. "Little did they care for the cold, the wind, and the mud!"

"They are gay and kindly, they whistle and

"FALL IN"
ANSWER NOW
IN YOUR COUNTRY'S
HOUR OF NEED

sing, they play football, they are careless of danger. It is their pride to keep everything clean—bodies, weapons, vehicles, and horses. I marvel at their splendid ways in war; they show strength but also gentleness."

British soldiers landed at Boulogne in the year 1658 to join and help a French Army; the then French General wrote to the then French Premier: "I have seen the English; they are the finest troops possible." British soldiers landed at Boulogne in August, 1914, to join and help the French Armies; General Joffre wrote to the French President praising them. This was an old mark showing through.

Two hundred years ago it was written of our Race that "True courage is cool and calm." It is also continuous. As Drake said, "There must be a beginning of every great matter, but the continuing unto the end yields the glory"; the British hold out and hold on; whether against Principalities and Powers, or disease, vice, misery, we must never yield.

Do we fail at first? Then we try again the more strongly. "Steady, there! Carry on!" And do better next time!

"... steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!"

To march on steadily, never dejected, though never blind to need and danger, and never too soon elated, is the true British way.

CHAPTER XV

The British Pavement

"Regions Cæsar never knew"

WHEN the Romans made war, and their Emperor went to the front, his tent was pitched upon tiles, a firm and lasting pavement, not in shifting sand or slipping mud. The tiles were made up of bits of red, black, and white marble, cemented together into patterns, and these patterns displayed the marks and reminders of the great Roman past.

As the Cæsar sat in his war-tent, torch-light falling on the floor showed him the old Roman standards and emblems figured in the tiles. One of these was the eagle, a kind of metal flag; when Romans first landed in Britain, the standard-bearer leaped into the surf, lifted his metal eagle, and cried, "Men of the Tenth Legion, will you let your standard be captured?" Often our own flag-bearers have been Roman in that way.

One night when Marcus Aurelius, the best of the Roman Emperors, sat writing in his war-tent he looked down upon the reminders of the Roman past which were figured in the tiles at his feet, and he wrote upon his tablets that Romans must still and always manfully withstand dangers, bravely bear up against misfortunes, and do their duty thoroughly, in the fine old Roman way.

We, too, possess a firm and splendid past, and

because of our vast Empire we British are sometimes called "the modern Romans." But we have wider power and greater duties than they ever had; our sway extends into regions which no Cæsar ever knew.

The Roman power was small compared to ours, but it was raised upon a firm pavement, and it stood erect for more than a thousand years. What the Romans gained they held; what they builded was built solidly; the marks of old Roman roads and edifices are visible in Europe still.

Yet the Roman Empire fell at last, and even Rome, the capital—the "London" of that day, so to speak—though still called "the Eternal City," sank into decay. The Dark Ages came; even the Latin language died:

"Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? Its very speech is dead."

Latin, the language of the ancient Romans, like Greek, the language of the ancient Greeks, who had an Empire, is called a "dead language" to-day.

In the year 1430 an Italian thus described the condition of Rome: "This wonder of the world, how changed it is, how defaced, how fallen! It was once the head and crown of the Roman Empire; it was the citadel of the whole earth; it was the terror of Kings. But now in fragments you seek the great palaces and statues: all is ruin, amongst herbs.

"The Forum, the place where Roman patriots gathered to enact their laws and elect their magis-

trates, is now but a stye for swine and a pasture for buffaloes. The public and private edifices, that were built to be everlasting, lie broken, like the limbs of a giant; the ruin is all the plainer because what remains of the city is so vast."

So pass away the glories of this world, and thus, unless we are wise and patriotic, may pass away also the power of the Realm and Empire to which we belong. It has not yet lasted so long as the Roman power did, and we need to watch that it shall not decay. We must stand firm upon our pavement, and not forget the marks and reminders of our past.

On a mansion in Northumberland these words have been visible for two centuries:

> "That which your fathers old
>   Did leave you to possess,
> Do you, too, dearly hold,
>   To show your worthiness."

But it is not enough to inherit; upon another house there is this inscription: "Think only those things yours which you yourself have done."

One of the saddest books of history is that which tells of the gradual decline and final fall of the Roman Empire; it was as though a great lamp went slowly out for lack of oil, leaving Europe dim, in the "Dark Ages." But sadder still would be a record of the decline and fall of the great System to which we belong

CHAPTER XVI

Carry On!

"The ship is more than the crew"

DURING the War the book most popular in Germany told of a fancied capture of London: how a German Field-Marshal, riding over London Bridge, would say to his officers, "We have the proudest city in the world at our command."

Sixty years ago one of our own authors imagined and wrote that some day a traveller from abroad "shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." We must so live and act as to prevent that ever happening, if we can.

It is rare for any great Power to last through many centuries, however; the Empires of Persia and Greece died out; war-drums of Empire sounded proudly in Egypt and in Babylon, but those echoes ceased to roll. "O King, live for ever!" used to be an Eastern salutation, but no King lives for ever, no Empire is immortal. All the old Empires fell Shall ours go down?

Scattered upon the face of the earth are fragments and relics of fallen great cities of which we do not even know the names. They lie in an awful silence and remoteness; what lasts of them resembles skeletons, big bones of stone lying low in the tomb of the past, hidden in forests and wastes:

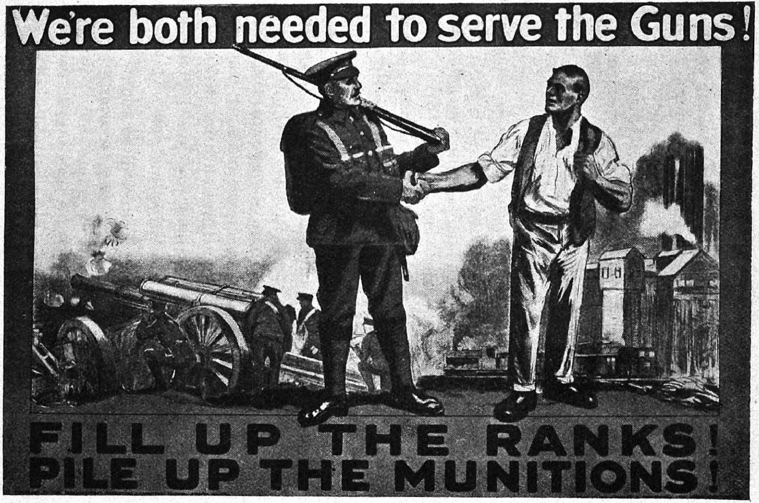
"I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
A shattered visage lies, half sunk, alone,
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, trunkless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

There used to be a Greater Spain, a Greater Holland, a Greater Portugal, even as there is a Greater Britain to-day. Holland is now but a quiet little land, yet Dutch colonies once dotted the map, and Amsterdam was then the world's London. Morning bugles sound our present renown around the globe, but the bugles of old Spain used to blow just as proudly, in America and elsewhere.

That was music which did not last; its echoes are silent. Realms and Empires fall when they deserve to fall; shall ours deserve to end? The music of our patriotism is a great old song, caught up from voice to voice in generation after generation; you, **you**, must so strive and deserve as to keep it true that

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

"Carry on!" they say in the Navy; discipline helps them to carry on. The certificate that used to be given to a good midshipman was that "He has behaved with diligence, attention, and sobriety,


We're both needed to serve the Guns!
FILL UP THE RANKS!
PILE UP THE MUNITIONS!

and was ever obedient to command." "Discipline" and "disciple" or learner have the same meaning at the root; you best "carry on" by being obedient to those who teach and control you, until you become able to control others in your turn.

For you will have a task of patriotism to perform. All that the white, red, and blue in the Flag stand for must be carried on. The cruiser and the transport did not lie moored in Dover harbour long; they had to carry on, they steamed away on other duty. The winning crew in a boat-race must not rest upon their oars; they have to keep in training and be ready if other crews should challenge them who can row best.

Pride in our crew, our football team, our cricket eleven, our side as a school or a club, is a form of patriotism. The Realm and Empire are the great side to which we belong. It is a proud thing to play for your school or your club; play well for your country. In the great team and side of our patriotism shall we not all be glad to play? If we are hurt, does it matter? The ship is more than the crew.

If ever the people of the Realm and Empire care more about national ambition and glory than for fair play—if ever they boast, bully, or cease to rule kindly as well as wisely—then the Realm and Empire will deserve to fall. But no, you must carry on in the good old way, you must carry on all your life.

Remember how Captain Scott and the men of that Antarctic Expedition carried on; think of

Captain Oates going out of the tent into the howling snowstorm, alone, giving up his life a little earlier so that his comrades might eat his share of food and live a little longer. Though we die in the effort, the ship must carry on, for, as I have said, the ship is greater than the crew.

A ship answers the helm and depends on the orders, the steering; a captain must go down with his ship, or be the last man to leave it; but a captain needs a good crew. When we are captains we must be skilful, thoughtful, and fit, studying our work, not taking things too easily; we must be obedient to the captain while we are crew.

We must learn to obey, not because we must, but because we ought, and—as middies do—we must learn how to obey simply and honestly before we can learn to command. We must honour our captains, following in their steps, learning how to become good captains ourselves.

In the carol of "Good King Wenceslas" the King's foot-page cries to the monarch:

"'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger:
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer!'"

But his leader cheers him on:

"'Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'"

It encourages and warms to know that you are carrying on in the track of noble leaders, doing your duty as they would have had you do.

CHAPTER XVII

Patriotism Begins at Home

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War"

BUT what is Duty? A duty is a debt, something owed. To scamp a payment is dishonest, to make no return for benefits is mean. Colonel Hutchinson, a soldier and patriot, never gave "a base reward or present"; we must not be stingy towards the land of our birth.

Then what is the debt which we ought to pay? What can we render back, to our country, our Race, the great system of law and loyal liberty into which we were born? To fit ourselves to defend them is much, but it is not enough; patriotism does not mean only a violent and splendid devotion in battle; we can be patriots under skies not shaken by cannon. "In love of home, the love of country has its rise": we can be patriots in daily life, and show the Patriotism of Home.

During the War a Prussian magistrate proclaimed that "Frau Liebe, a farmer's wife, has diligently cultivated the farm ever since her husband joined the Army. She has kept the fields in perfect order, the crops were sown in due season, the harvest was gathered and stored at the right time. Frau Liebe

has proved herself a true patriot." There are pictures in this book of British girls and women working patriotically during the War.

There are many ways of being patriotic. In war time a patriot dies for his country if needs be; but he lives for it in times of peace. All our foes are not foreign; diseases are foes. Dirt and poverty which breed disease are national dangers; so are vices, such as drinking, gambling, and using foul words. Drunkenness kills and enslaves more people than the Germans did; it fogs the brain, dims the sight, weakens the body, shortens the life, and spoils the soul.

Foul air, filthy streets, food ill-cooked, bad water, dirty rooms, bad drainage, wasteful living, and foolish spending are foes. Ignorance is a national danger; it injures a nation when some of its members do not learn how to make a living and how to live. A man who scamps his daily work hurts his country; so does a woman who neglects her house and children.

It is great when the bells ring for victory, but that is only now and then; daily the school-bell and weekly the church-bell ring for something better —for the victories of life, not the triumphs of slaughter. Rest, labour, content, good cheer, and happiness must be made more general. As the bells at Dover rang that day, the patriot hope was that they were ringing out "the want, the cares, the sin":

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease:
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

WOMEN OF BRITAIN
SAY –
"GO!"

Chances to be patriots at home come to us daily. Daily patriotism is the best kind. If anybody really loves his country he loves his fellow-countrymen continually, and he carries on this loving at home. Often the chance to be patriotic comes to one's very door, as it did to the door of a certain lighthouse about eighty years ago. The orders given to lighthouse-keepers sound like the command of Patriotism to us all.

"You are to light the lamps every evening, at sun setting, and to keep them trim and continually burning till sun rising," a lighthouse-keeper is told. A daughter had helped her father to obey that order all one wild night, and that piece of patriotic work had been well done; but in the morning, going to the lighthouse door and looking out, she saw wrecked seamen, dark specks among dashing white surf, clinging to a distant rock.

The sea between them and the lighthouse raged with waves, and the girl could not row well, but she urged her father to launch the boat. Off through the swirling water they went, the girl and her father, and saved the lives of the sailors at great danger to their own. This was as brave and perilous a deed as any done in battle, and the girl was a patriot "dear to God"; her name, **Grace Darling**, will be "famous to all ages."

Patriotism means helping your country to become better, nobler, and therefore happier, as well as more safe and glorious. Patriotism begins at home, in the home; to improve our home improves our Homeland, and endears still more the song of Home. Home

GIRLS ON THE FARM

is something to die for, yes, but it is also something to live and work for. Peace time is long, and war time is short, but a patriot serves his country always; there are always diseases, want, and vice for him to fight.

To strive against maladies, poverty, misery, and the fell power of drink is patriotic; to care for mothers and babies, and save children from dying off for lack of help, is patriotic; it is patriotic to educate children well, so that they shall not grow up in bad habits and ignorance, but learn how to be cleanly, well-behaved, and good citizens; it is patriotic to be thrifty, and not waste money or store.

It is patriotic to be cheery—to go about with comfort in your manner and encouragement for others in your looks. The Boy Scouts' maxim, "To do a good turn to somebody every day," is patriotic; when carried out, it helps and cheers. Of one brave lad who died at Ypres people said that he always "left a track of light behind him"; there can be patriotism in a merry word and a sympathising smile.

Nobody is too young to be patriotic; a chance once came to a Dutch boy to save his country. Going home alone from school one evening, and coming to a lonely place near an embankment, he thought how that dyke or wall of earth kept the sea from flooding the land; and then with a shock of dread he saw that sea-water was trickling in through a hole at the foot of the dyke!

He knew that this hole ought to be plugged at once, or it would grow larger, and the sea might drown his country. If he ran to the nearest village

for help time would be lost, the hole would grow larger meanwhile, and the water would come through more powerfully. Nay, he must plug the hole himself, and at once, if it was to be plugged at all.

He thrust his hand and arm into the hole; he lay down to do this work, stretching his arm in as far as it could go; and there all night in wetness, loneliness, weariness, and pain, he kept the water back. A brave little soldier of patriotism, he lay there fighting in that dangerous trench; and not till morning came, with men to help, did he quit his post.

Every Dutchman now tells his children how that lad saved his home, his village, and his home-land from drowning; the Dutch have had many heroes, but none is more praised than that boy. He is "famous to all ages."

> "His deed shall be sung at the cradle,
> And told to the child on the knee,
> So long as the dykes of Holland
> Divide the land from the sea."

Girls can well be daily patriots; there are now more chances for patriotic service by girls and women than there ever were. To give your life each day to helping your country at home is not less patriotic than to give your life in fighting for it abroad. Is he not in reality the truest patriot who fills up his station in private life well; who loves and promotes peace, both public and private?

There are home traitors; to be a liar, a slacker, a cheat, a drunkard, and so on, betrays your country.

Is it not treason to your country to be wilfully idle, lazily careless, a debtor who will not pay what he owes ?

CHAPTER XVIII

Patriot Women

> *" When pain and anguish wring the brow*
> *A ministering angel thou ! "*

GHENT is a Belgian city, beautiful with towers and gardens ; in English it used to be called Gaunt. An old ballad tells how an English girl, Mary Ambree, bore herself bravely at Ghent, long ago, hundreds of years before our soldiers went to Ghent to rescue Belgium from Germans.

> " When captains courageous, whom death could
> not daunt,
> Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
> They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
> And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree."

That was in the year 1584. During the recent War an Englishwoman, Edith Cavell, did duty at Brussels, not far from Ghent. She nursed the wounded and helped the fugitive ; she nursed Germans as well as Belgians and British ; she " tended the hurt and hid the hunted," and some of them she helped to escape.

In the ballad Mary Ambree promised to help soldiers :

"'Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free.'
Was not this a brave, bonny lass, Mary Ambree?"

In the Red Cross hospitals and ambulances thousands of women braved the dangers of the War. They fought against fever, famine, and death, bringing cleanliness out of filth and order out of desolation. By gentleness they comforted dying soldiers and sailors, and by skilful care they nursed many back to life. These women rank among the heroes of the War.

Nurse **Edith Cavell** was one of them, and, like Mary Ambree, she ventured her life. She helped Belgians to escape. One night she was bending over the wounds of a German soldier, when other German soldiers, rushing in, took her along to prison, where for ten weeks she awaited her trial.

"Yes, I broke your law," she said to the men in helmets who made themselves her judges. She did not plead or beg for her life, and when they condemned her to die she was tranquil and brave. "I feel no fear," she said to a chaplain; "I have seen so many wounded die that death will not seem dreadful to me." Germans shot her to death, but could not kill the memory of what she had done; she had lived and died in the service of Heaven, to the honour of her Race.

Over a hundred years ago a Quaker lady, **Elizabeth Fry**, went into the filthy jail of Newgate, and saw three hundred women, with their children, crowded

together, in rags and dirt, with no bedding, and no bed but the floor. Some of these were guilty, some of them had not even been tried and might be

IN THE HOSPITAL

innocent; the better and gentler were herded with the roughest and the worst. Mrs. Fry made Prison Reform the patriotic work of the rest of her life.

Florence Nightingale, who reformed sick-nursing, was as much a patriot as any soldier who died in the Crimean War. She went out to the field-hospitals there; she let air, sunlight, and cheerfulness in; she banished dirt, unsuitable food, and clumsy nursing; the wakeful among the wounded adored her, as at night she walked the wards silently, a shaded lamp in her hand:

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
The shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent."

At Southampton a monument honours Mary Anne Rogers, stewardess of the *Stella*, a steamship wrecked. The other women and the children had been got into the boats, and they called to the stewardess to go with them. But she said that the boats were overloaded already; so, kneeling, she went down with the ship. Upon the monument are these words: "Actions such as this, revealing steadfast performance of duty in the face of death, and ready self-sacrifice for the sake of others, constitute the glorious heritage of our race."

A nurse-maid, **Alice Ayres**, had been left in charge of three children one night, when fire broke out in the house. Before help could come the flames had risen to the room in which the girl and the little ones were sleeping. She might have saved herself by forsaking the children, but she cared for them first, letting them down into hands upstretched from below.

By the time the little ones were safe, Alice Ayres had become faint and giddy with the heat and the smoke; she leaped down, but fell to the pavement, hurting herself so much that she died. But she died happy, in the thought that she had done her duty. "I tried my best," were her last words.

That is the watchword; a patriot woman tries to do her best. She lives in goodness and in loving-kindness, and, watching her care for the sick and the young, people learn what love and mercy can mean. Home is not home without her; she is the angel in the house. With all her strength she toils, with all her heart she ministers; and life is made sweeter and nobler because she lives and loves.

CHAPTER XIX

True Gentlemen

"The wisest heads and noblest hearts"

SOMEWHERE in the Southern land of ice a wooden cross marks the spot where a British explorer gave up his life for his companions; the words written

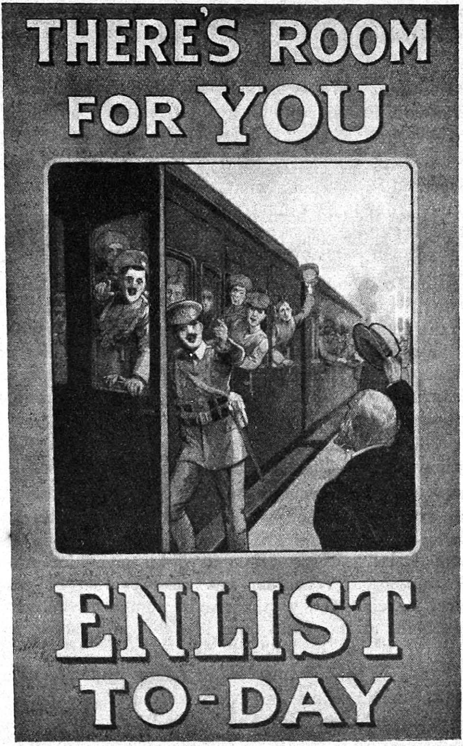
upon the cross were, " Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

Just before the War began a German wrote to England: " We Germans will never be gentlemen, and you British will always be fools;" as though it were folly to be " a very gallant gentleman"! It is wisdom, not folly, to try to be a gentleman at heart. Let us think what this means.

"I see the true-born son of England, his vigour and his virtues, the clear head, the keen eye; a spirit equal alike to good fortune or ill fortune. In his blood is the instinct of honour, the scorn of meanness; he cannot suffer his word to be doubted. He is a friend staunch to the death; passionate for the cause he holds sacred; a hater of confusion and idle noise. He makes no vaunt of what he has done, no boastful promise of what he will do. He is ever hopeful, and thinks it a crime to despair of his country."

Colonel Hutchinson died in the year 1664. This is how his wife—herself a model for women—described him: "He never rebuffed the lowest or flattered the greatest: he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, though he ever held himself in his own rank. Prosperity could never give him pride or vainglory. When he was most exalted he was most merciful and compassionate to those who were humbled; at the same time that he vanquished any enemy he cast away ill-will to him."

That is the portrait of an officer and a gentleman; in our Army and Navy an officer is expected to be a gentleman too. During the War many private soldiers wrote home that " Our officers are splendid"; but also many of the officers wrote home that " The


THERE'S ROOM
FOR YOU
ENLIST
TO-DAY

men are gentlemen," which is the best praise of all. Riches, rank, or dress do not make a gentleman or a lady; worthiness, good qualities, and good deeds are not only in clothes; a gentleman, a lady, must not meanly act, think, or feel.

Long ago a French nobleman wrote home to France that "The one sure way to obtain respect from every class of person in England is to be what is known as a gentleman. If a man of even the highest rank does not behave as he should, you soon hear it said, even by the poorest folk, that he may be a Lord, but he is no gentleman." Manners, look, easy ways, and a happy way of saying things in a clear and pleasant voice, adorn; but even they are not enough.

During the War a Frenchman who studied the officers and men of our Army wrote that "The gentleman is their accepted model. His qualities are strength but moderation, modesty of speech, truth-telling, and justness overcoming selfishness. He makes war fairly, without malice, and honourably; just as he plays a game, without letting the wish to win persuade him to break the rules." But even these are not enough; the real quality lives within the heart.

He is therefore gentle and generous. "He is one who never willingly inflicts pain; he carefully avoids whatever might cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes upon all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd.

"He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving them while he is conferring them. He never speaks of himself except when he is compelled; he has no ears for slander or gossip, and he interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, and is too well employed to remember injuries."

Such are the models which the best hearts of our Race have set, and no lad or lass among us is too lowly-born or poor to copy them. It is patriotic to follow such patterns as these; it makes the Homeland all the happier, and gains us friends abroad. During the War neutral peoples wished us well, because our soldiers and sailors fought and behaved as gentlemen should.

Next door to Germany, in a part of Switzerland where the language is German, it was written that "The British are courteous and knightly in warfare and peace. History obliges us Swiss to be grateful to England, for England is the guardian of small countries and the protector of the weak." It is part of the quality of a gentleman to defend those who need a shield.

When Germany the big attacked Belgium the little in a vile, ungentlemanly way, Britain went to Belgium's help. An American wrote that "Britain was not pledged to go to the aid of France; she might have stood aloof and husbanded her strength. But she turned the sceptre of the seas against Germany; she turned her sword against Germany, and

for what? For liberty against despotism." That is the knightly way.

"Britain may have been the author of some acts in the past of which she is not proud," he said, "things which, looking back at them with full knowledge, she might wish had never been done. But in this War this old and proud People unfolded a material strength and a moral splendour that will shine undimmed for ages, amidst the best glories of all history."

We can be glad and proud that our nation deserved such praise; shall we not try to deserve it in peace time too?

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart.

"Who misses, or who wins the prize?
  Go, lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

If you lose, take your licking like a man; if you win, do not brag. Never bear grudges, whether you win or lose; we may justly blame and condemn our late enemies, and we cannot like them, but we need not hate them, no matter how much they hate us. A right pride does not bear malice; "Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are," and do nothing, say nothing, approve nothing that lets your nation down.

CHAPTER XX

Free Loyalty

"The best King of good fellows"

NINETY years ago, in a German theatre, a piece of music, supposed to represent a British victory in battle, was being performed, and "Amidst a storm of glorious music the air of 'God save the King' was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. A thrill of excitement made us glow and rejoice."

That is how patriots feel at such a moment. Your National Anthem is, so to speak, your nation's musical Flag. It is the flag of everybody, too; though "God save our gracious King, Long live our noble King" refers to the monarch, it also refers to ourselves. "Send him victorious, Happy and glorious," means a prayer for our Realm and Empire and Race.

The King is the Head of our Family at home and abroad. He is the sovereign of our Lands of Light; he is King of the British—all the British—Britt. Omn., as it says on our coins—all the British dominions, the Realm and the Empire, Greater Britain, the British at home and abroad. When we pray for the King's welfare we pray for our own; he is, so to speak, our human Flag.

His is the most glorious of thrones, in the most

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

TO MY PEOPLE.

At this grave moment in the struggle between my people and a highly organised enemy who has transgressed the Laws of Nations and changed the ordinance that binds civilized Europe together, I appeal to you.

I rejoice in my Empire's effort, and I feel pride in the voluntary response from my Subjects all over the world who have sacrificed home, fortune, and life itself, in order that another may not inherit the free Empire which their ancestors and mine have built.

I ask you to make good these sacrifices.

The end is not in sight. More men and yet more are wanted to keep my Armies in the Field, and through them to secure Victory and enduring Peace.

In ancient days the darkest moment has ever produced in men of our race the sternest resolve.

I ask you, men of all classes, to come forward voluntarily and take your share in the fight.

In freely responding to my appeal, you will be giving your support to our brothers, who, for long months, have nobly upheld Britain's past traditions, and the glory of her Arms.

George R.I.

THE KING'S APPEAL

ancient of Realms. While the Roman Emperors still ruled in Europe, our islands dwelt free again, under kings of their own. The stone beneath the Coronation seat at Westminster Abbey was part of a throne at Tara in Ireland, first, and then at Scone in Scotland; the Kingdoms became united, and each King of the United Kingdom is crowned upon that stone seat to this day.

Our sovereigns descend by birth from **Egbert**, who was king eleven hundred years ago. Compared with this descent, Prussian monarchy was a mushroom, little more than two hundred years old. **Richard Coeur de Lion**—Yea and Nay, as they called him, because he was frank and downright, in island fashion —was a King when the ruler of Austria was but a Duke. But British Royalty is not only the oldest; it is the most glorious and most famous too.

It is also the best beloved, the one most warmly held in the hearts of the people. "**My will is to live worthily**," said **Alfred the Great**, "**and to leave to them that come after me an example of good works.**" Our kings calmly reign; they are content with reigning; they do not seek to be despots, claiming to rule by private right.

They are **constitutional** sovereigns, and they cannot rule their people into ruin, as the German and Austrian monarchs did. The Queen, the King's consort, is the chief Lady in the land, to whom all girls and women may look up with love; she is mother to the National Family, house-mistress of our kinship. A Queen can be our monarch.

We have had noble women-Kings; Elizabeth

showed herself as kingly as any monarch on the mainland of Europe. Shakespeare said of her that

"In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."

Of Victoria, it was written that "She wrought her people lasting good."

"Her Court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen:

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

A Republic is a nation which has no sovereign the people electing a President every few years; but in no Republic are people more free than we. Our freedom is real and long-established, because "our ancestors were severe assertors of their liberties. They acknowledged no human laws but their own, they received no Kings but such as swore to observe them, and they deposed those Kings who did not well perform their oaths and duty."

Because our sovereigns are law-abiding they safely and happily reign. We are loyal to them because they are loyal to our laws. Their throne is "broad-based upon the People's will" and encompassed by a People's affection.

CHAPTER XXI

Freedom and Language

"The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will"

MANY tongues are spoken within the Empire; Irish, Welsh, Gaelic, and English are heard within the Realm, French in Canada, the Taal in South Africa. All these are honoured, none is forbidden; it is not our way to prevent the teaching of them in the schools.

English is heard in every part of the world. A famous German student, Grimm, said that "English gives a power of expression such as perhaps never lay at the use of any other People. It is truly a world-language, and seems destined to prevail. With its wealth of words, good sense, and terseness no other language can compare."

We should therefore keep our English pure, not deforming it by adopting too many new words, nor demeaning it by the use of slang. Some of the noblest books ever written were written in English; many public speakers and preachers have shown how eloquent a language it can be. Here is part of what was said at Plymouth in peace-time once, that came true again during the War:

"Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act than the state of inertness in which I have seen those mighty ships that float in the waters about your

town. You will know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness, upon any call of patriotism or necessity would put forth all its beauty and its

THE MOTOR-BUS CONDUCTOR

bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder.

"Such is England herself; while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates

the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise."

Occasion did arise, the day when Germany attacked Belgium, and our ships departed instantly to their war-stations. But war was not declared against Germany until, in Parliament, the chief place of free speech, the Government of the Realm had shown good reason for going to war.

Here is part of a sermon on justice and freedom :

"Justice makes nations safe. Every man feels that he has a country worth preserving and worth contending for. Instances are remembered where the weak prevailed over the strong; one man recalls to mind when a just and upright judge protected him from unlawful violence, gave him back his vineyard, rebuked his oppressor, restored him to his rights, published, condemned, and rectified the wrong.

"Men die for such things—they cannot be subdued by foreign force where such just practices prevail. The sword of ambition is shivered to pieces against such a bulwark. Nations fall where judges are unjust, because there is nothing which the multitude think worth defending; but nations do not fall which are treated as we are treated—they rise as we have risen, and they shine as we have shone.

"The sword is just sheathed, the flag is just furled, the last sound of the trumpet has just died away; you all remember what a spectacle this country exhibited —one heart, one voice, one weapon, one purpose. And why? Because this country is a country of law."

Open speech, free discussion, and the right of public meeting upon public questions, are the law

and custom of our race; much of our freedom has been gained in that way: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience." But in using that right let us try to be sure that we *do* speak "according to conscience," and not out of Party spirit or narrow-mindedness.

There are speakers and writers who rant, or make false pretences. There are impatient speakers, who see one side of a question too clearly to suppose that the question has any other side. Yet to be intolerant —not to listen to argument against your own opinion —is not true British patriotism. "Hear the other side" is a part of justice; it is never patriotic to disturb public meetings or shout speakers down.

Our civilisation is very faulty still; ignorance, drink, disease, preventable poverty, and avoidable woe are still blots upon the white of our banner. People who point these evils out honestly, with a desire to get them remedied, are patriots. People who plead for Peace in a time of War may be patriots too; they should be quietly heard.

Freedom should be just:

> "The ever-lustrous name of patriot
> To no man be denied because he saw
> Where in his country's wholeness lay the flaw,
> Where, on her whiteness, the unseemly blot."

But "freedom of speech" does not mean that anybody, whether praising or finding fault, has the right to speak in an offensive way; rude and noisy

speakers are always to blame, whatever the views they utter. Politics should be polite:

"There is a false patriotism, which would carry to extremes the doctrine of 'My country, right or wrong'—a patriotism which panders to national vanity, and cannot conceive of benefit to one's country unless it involves injury to another's. There is, however, something worse, and that is the spirit which would sacrifice national interests to secure the defeat of an opponent, or a personal triumph. We have still to guard ourselves against excess of Party zeal, and the self-righteousness which always finds its country in the wrong."

Soon after the War began a speaker said: "We have been living in a comfortable valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish, and now the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation whence we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honour which we had forgotten—duty, patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven."

We ought to have learned to be nobler in thought and speech because of the War's stern teachings. Demands for reform may be unreasonable, as not being practicable; but self-satisfaction and too much content with things as they are may be unpatriotic. Shall we not be Crusaders for the right at home, as well as for liberty and justice abroad?

CHAPTER XXII

Crusaders of the War

"Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting"

In an English cathedral an American stood gazing at "a tomb on which lay the effigy of a Knight in complete armour. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a Crusader."

Eight hundred years ago thousands of boys and girls went crusading; they marched with the armies that set out across Europe on the way to Palestine, intending to free the Holy Land from the Saracens. During the late War the Realm and Empire crusaded against the German evil, and in this new Crusade boys and girls took part.

Calmly the old Crusaders repose, as having done their duty and earned their rest; calmly repose our new Crusaders, too, those who died during the War. They rest in graves dug far from home, or upon the floor of the ocean, near sunken British ships; but they all rest under the Cross. For "this was a war of honest against dishonest people; it was a Crusade."

Soldiers, sailors, women and girls who nursed, doctors, stretcher-bearers, chaplains, gun-layers, mine-sweepers, stokers, midshipmen, merchant sailors,

cabin-boys, bugler-lads, youths who enlisted under age, or whoever else they were that died, they died nobly, in putting down German ways of evil. They gave their lives as a sacrifice, and now they rest in death, Crusaders all. They were worthy patriots, dear to God, and what they did shall be famous to all ages.

Their bodies are sown in earth, like precious seeds ; fair flowers of like duty, done by others, will spring from their graves. Twenty-four centuries ago three hundred Spartans died heroically, stemming invasion ; this epitaph was written for their graves :

"Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here obedient to their laws we die,"

and that example has never been forgotten ; those patriots of Thermopylæ are "famous to all ages."

Somewhere in what used to be German South-West Africa a cross marks the sunburnt veldt. It stands near the grave of two brothers, the first of our soldier-lads who fell there. Proudly their comrades buried them, and put these words upon the cross :

"Tell England, ye who pass this monument,
That we who rest here died content."

Think sadly and tenderly, but also proudly, of ours who died in the Great Crusade. Life was as dear to them as to you, yet they offered it up. Young knights, when they first put their armour on, used to kneel at an altar ; our young Crusaders knelt at the altar of patriotism, which can be one of the altars of God. Often they had "played at soldiers" ; now came

the real thing. Perhaps they did not suppose that they were patriots; but I think they were the young saints of battle.

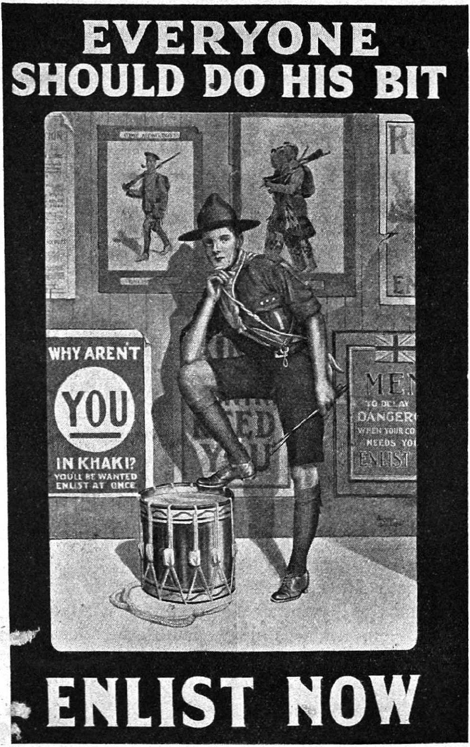
Some of them were once lads at your school. Not long ago their voices could be heard there; their voices still seem to be heard, far off, in a call to you. "Get ready, you!" they seem to be saying. "Now, you! Your turn now!" Consider your homes so dear to you, your Country so fair and dear, the great Realm, Empire, and Race to which you belong. You were born to these; but also you were born for them, to serve and preserve them, and carry them on.

In the past this great inheritance was gained and bettered for you; what will **you** do to guard and ennoble it, and to hand it on bettered, not worsened, for those of the Race still to come?

> "What have I done for you,
> England, my England?
> What is there I would not do,
> England, my own!"

Or my Scotland, my Ireland, my Wales, my Realm—my Canada, my Australia, my New Zealand, my South Africa, my Tasmania, my Newfoundland, my India, or my isle in the ocean! "What can we do for you, Realm, Empire, and Race?" ought to be the cry of all our hearts always, in peace-time as well as during war. Home, land, and kin are our life and strength.

> "Who stands, if Freedom fall?
> Who dies, if England live?"


EVERYONE
SHOULD DO HIS BIT
WHY AREN'T
YOU
IN KHAKI?
YOU'LL BE WANTED
ENLIST AT ONCE
ENLIST NOW

So ask yourself: "What have I done? What can I do?"

Out of the past we had come, upon the great bridge of our Race. This bridge was not finished, we had to build it on. The War began, and our share in the War was a part of the bridge-building. The bridge is not finished even yet. Are we worthy to walk upon the bridge, unless we are fit and willing to help build it on and on?

While the War still lasted, this was written:

"The War is for you. It is you who will enjoy the new order of things when the War is done. Your countrymen are giving their lives for their country: it is your country, and in it you will pass your life. Our dead have died for you. They died in defence of a good cause, that they might leave this world better than they found it.

"You will live in Peace because they died in War; you will go safe and free because they went under discipline, and into danger, You will have a good time because they suffered. To you, who gain by their loss, and whose life is made comfortable by their lives laid down, comes the question, from countless little wooden crosses over graves in France and Belgium, and Gallipoli, and from all the unmarked graves of the sea, 'Is it nothing to you?'"

Was it nothing to you—to you all, in the future? Was it nothing to you that a right way of thinking and doing should prevail? The British ways of thinking and doing have been faulty, no doubt, but the German way of thinking and ruling was worse than faulty—it was wicked. Woe to the world if the German way had prevailed!

Part II

"NOT AS THE CONQUEROR COMES"

CHAPTER XXIII

Our Way of Empire

"A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state"

IN Trafalgar Square you may see a statue of General Gordon, the national hero who wrote that "a soldier can never say that he has done more than his duty." The statue shows no sword; Gordon led and guided without one. And this well represents the way in which our Empire was formed.

The sword was used, but not so often as the guiding staff, the spade, the trowel, the merchant ship, and the steam-engine. Except in its beginnings, ours has been no military Empire; the Realm more often led and guided peaceably than conquered by armed force. Therefore "Empire" is not a good name for the British Power.

For most Empires have been military and militant; fighting formed them most, and most Emperors have been conquerors or descendants of conquerors. There has never been a British military Emperor, however; our King is the King-Emperor in India simply because in India there still are native kings.

The Romans held the world with iron claws, but in some ways the Roman idea of empire was noble. The French had a noble idea when they sent armies out to free other lands from bad laws and tyrannous kings. Rule should exist for the sake of the ruled, not of the rulers, but that had never been a German idea of empire; the German idea was that the people at home and the natives abroad existed for an Emperor's glory, first and most.

Nearly all military Empires have been evil, but of all modern ideas of military Empire the German idea was the worst. Germany was not a State which used an Army, but an Army which used a State. The nation itself became bitten with the madness of conquest and the pride of false glory; it was a militant Germany, and therefore it gladly began the War.

When Germans sang "Germany over all!" and shouted that "The whole world must be German!" they looked forward to war after war, in which nation after nation would be made to yield to German armies and fleets. This was a wicked ambition; it was not real patriotism. Mere bigness is not true greatness; no nation becomes truly great by using force alone.

The German idea of Empire meant continual bloodshed and misery. "What a glorious thing a victory must be!" a woman once said to Wellington; but he answered, "There is only one thing more awful than a victory, and that is a defeat!" There is only one thing worse than war, and that is dishonour.

Our British kind of Empire little resembles any other, and least of all the German kind that fell. Our Dominions govern themselves; they are not subject lands, held down by force. They elect their own Parliaments, make their own Laws, levy their own taxes, and choose their own magistrates without interference from the Realm; they are free.

Thus the Realm and Empire is composed of free nations for the most part. These nations are the members of one Family. They are Daughter lands. The head of the Family is the Realm, but each Dominion has its own homestead, and each can say that

"Daughter am I in my Mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

Our system is still imperfect, but there has been nothing in the world to equal it so far. We shall need to better it, to make it more systematic, to develop and perhaps to extend it, but already it is the best ever known.

As to the subject races within our Empire, our way is to help and guide them while we guard them. We guard them from conquest and from war among themselves, but we are not to tyrannise over them; we are to use the guiding staff, not the sword. We do not hold India or its people down by force.

Most of the 300,000,000 people of India go through life without ever seeing a British soldier. Our troops there never number more than 70,000, which is less than one soldier to each twenty square miles. Even

after the War began the number of British soldiers became reduced, to one in a hundred square miles.

Yet the natives refused to take that opportunity to rebel; they kept loyal to the British "Raj," as they call our rule. They did not wish to rebel; besides, they believe us to be all-powerful. When a tiger escaped from the "Zoo" at Lahore, and its Hindoo keeper failed to coax it back, he commanded it in the name of the "Raj" to return to its cage, and was not surprised when it obeyed!

The Empire consists of nations and of nations in the making; we are helping the subject peoples to fit themselves for self-government some day. We try to get them to respect the customs, traditions, and beliefs of other people, as we do; we seek to help them to look at matters in a fair and kindly way. We hope that in time they may gain for themselves something of the British way of mind.

"To give all men within its bounds an English mind—that has been the purpose of our Empire. He who speaks of England's greatness speaks of this. Her renown, her glory, it is this, undying, imperishable. If in some great accident these Islands and all that they embrace were overwhelmed and sunk in the sea, and if to-morrow's sun rose upon an Englandless world, still this spirit and this purpose in other lands would fare on, untouched amid the wreck."

That is our special greatness! That is the best way of Empire. That is the noblest praise of all. "Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are," therefore, and be worthy of your birthright, growing up

as good citizens, earnest patriots, "chips of the old block," true scions of the old stock, well fitted to "carry on" in the British way.

CHAPTER XXIV

Trueborn British Ways

"Strong with the strength of the Race,
To command, to obey, to endure"

BUT what is the British way of mind? One of its faults is to dislike new plans and ideas, merely because they are new. We are fond of old ways; we suspect new proposals; long ago we were blamed for "the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing at anything that looks strange."

We are said to be too material, too keen after money and comfort; we are slow at studying; we are mentally lazy. "Live and learn," we say, though we ought to "Learn and live." We do not plan and consider beforehand sufficiently; we are more ready to do than to think.

Though we often turn out to have been wise in act, we are nearly always careless in thinking. Later, when trouble comes, because we did not think and plan beforehand, we "muddle through." That is a wasteful, unpleasant way, of course. Yet foreigners call us "practical"; they think that we usually know what to do for the best.

We succeed surprisingly, much more than we deserve. Yet we do not brag. It certainly is not

an English way to be boastful. "Never write a fine report of your own doings," Nelson said. After one sea-fight, all that the British commander reported was:

"Sir, we have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon this coast. The number as per margin."

Foreigners call us "positive" because we deal best with facts, not with ideas, and because we dislike sensation, fuss, and sentimentality. We dislike to show our feelings; we do not "have nerves," we do not use many words when few will do. We are thought "stand-offish"; it has been said that "every Englishman is an island," because we do not readily make friends with strangers; it has been said that "no people less show what they feel."

Yet it is also British to be friendly. It is British to keep cool at exciting moments, showing presence of mind, and quickly knowing what to do. It is British to "hold on" and "die game." The British bulldog does not snarl, snap, sneak, nor bite readily, but what he grips he holds. It is British to "bide our time" and wait for a good opportunity; it is more British to "go slow" than be flurried and go too fast.

Though we like "a strong, silent man," stern and dour, talkative people can mislead us, and we often make mistakes. But in whatever we do it is British to be fond of fair play, good-humour, and good temper. We like a hard fighter, who stands out to the last; but it is also British to use what is called common sense, and to adopt give-and-take

arrangements which are called compromises, each side yielding a little for the sake of settling a long dispute.

It is British to be stubborn, as long as the other side is stubborn; but it is also British to make up a quarrel, let bygones be bygones, and become friends. We do not try hard enough to understand what the other side are thinking, and often we seem narrow-minded; but we like the other side to have a fair chance.

It is not among our many faults or failings to be cruel or unjust. "Fair play is a jewel," we say, and we prefer to "play the game" fairly, in life and battle as well as in sport. It is British to cheer the winner even when we are the losers, and to choose to lose fairly rather than seem to win by fraud.

People all over the world know these and others of our ways as British. They think us "hard-headed," and "practical," though they know that we do not study nor think carefully enough. They expect goods they buy from us to be well made of proper stuff. They rely on our promises, they expect us to be plain and frank of speech; they know that it is not British to be mean in bargaining or dishonest in business.

Yet they sometimes accuse us of cant and hypocrisy, for talking of what is right yet not always doing it; and it is true that we do not live up to all that we profess. Foreigners think us unusual—not like any other people; and individual—not even like each other; they say that we are often eccentric,

and some of us seem to them to be "mad." When **Lord Kitchener** had conquered the Sudanese, he collected money to build and equip a college for them, and this was what a Bengal soldier thought about that:

"Now you have lost the battles
  And have no right to live,
Kitchener begs school-money for you,
  And money the English give;
It is their pleasure to give their treasure,
  Thus are their hearts inclined;
For Allah created the English *mad*,
  The maddest of all mankind!"

Though foreigners think us strange, and sometimes laugh at our ways, they esteem us. They know that we do not educate ourselves so well as we should, nor care enough about studying, preparing, and planning. Yet they rather expect us to look down on them. They know that we are proud, but they would be surprised to hear us boast. Because we are reserved in manner, they think us cold of heart.

But they look to us to be patient, steadfast, self-controlled, and obstinately brave; full of strong will and stubborn determination, and showing that "silent endurance, that standing out against something and not giving in" which are supposed to be specially British ways. They find us humorous, fond of joking; fond of grumbling, too, at ourselves and our own doings; yet strangely light-hearted, and too proud to despair.

Now these are island ways which have lasted

long; **King Edward I** had them nearly seven hundred years ago. This typical Englishman founded the Realm; it was he who first brought Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and England under one sceptre for a while. Since his day the King's eldest son has borne the title of Prince of Wales. The first real Parliament was held in his reign; our trade began then to flourish; our fleets and armies then won many fights; it was then that English archers began to use the "all-conquering long-bow."

Edward I worked hard, fought hard, and played hard, in the British way. Like most of our Race, he was too slow in taking up new ideas, and cared too little for planning beforehand, organising a matter thoroughly, or troubling about what is called theory. He was fond of his own way, no matter how hard he must work or fight to get it; he was therefore dogged, and though he seemed to be losing he would never give in.

He was fierce in conflict, but afterwards forgiving; he could truthfully say that "No man ever asked mercy of me in vain." Because he was slow to take up ideas, he did not always understand what he was doing, and therefore he made mistakes and did injustice, though he did not intend to be unfair. He was honest and trustful, he liked truth-speakers, and his motto was: "Keep troth."

He was not a model man, but "**In good and evil he stands out as the typical representative of his race, wilful and imperious as his people, tenacious of his rights, proud, stubborn, slow of apprehension, narrow in sympathy, but in the main just, unselfish, laborious,**

observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent of duty, religious." That is a list of several things which British patriots ought to be, and of some which they ought not to be, now.

Here is a foreign tribute, paid long ago: "British men are strong, courageous, resolute, enterprising, steady, not knowing how to flee in battle; they are hard to provoke, and stiff until an offence is made up for, but they are easily reconciled then. Good-nature is a quality so peculiar to them that there is no word for it in any other language but theirs. The women are diligent, modest, affectionate, cleanly, and religious."

Our language has many beautiful words in it that name good qualities. We ought not to spoil our language; but when new words are needed to name new things, we must not be slow to adopt or invent them; or to improve. Our British way of mind is not yet intellectual enough; we still think too much of "rule of thumb" and too little of "rule of three," and we put up with makeshift ways.

Our foolish national dislike of novelty must not be carried so far. It is British to preserve what of the past is good, but we should not preserve so much that is faulty. We need not be too quick in making changes, but we must not be so slow to improve. There is plenty of room for improvement; our national life is full of faults and shortcomings; no patriot can feel satisfied and happy if he looks around.

CHAPTER XXV

The Happy Warrior

"A merry heart and true"

THE motto chosen by John Lawrence of India was: "Be ready"; the motto of Henry Lawrence, his brother, was: "Never give in." Henry Lawrence defended Lucknow till he died; John Lawrence quelled the Indian Mutiny. He would not break his promise, even to the mutineers. "Faith must be kept, whatever it costs us," he said; and the word of our Race is relied on in India to this day.

A hundred British officers had gathered at mess to say good-bye to one of their number who was going on duty elsewhere. The General rose and said: "There was once a Knight of France renowned for both courage and goodness. He was Bayard, the Knight without fear or reproach. Gentlemen, I give you the health of Major Outram, the Bayard of India."

Nobody could be better praised than that; Outram was British in the best way. He never seemed to think that he was a pattern, however; always merry and friendly and simple, he "put on no side." His patriotism began at home, in boyhood. One evening his sister saw that his face was bruised and swollen. "Never mind," he said. "I've licked the biggest chap in the school, and he'll bully no little kids any more!"

At sixteen he went to India, and at twenty-two he was sent to manage the Bheels, a troublesome tribe of drunkards, vagabonds, and thieves. His way of managing them was to be kind to the best of them and severe with the others; if any of them robbed or rioted he put them in jail, but he talked with the better sort in a jolly way.

Even the oldest Bheels soon began to call him their father, and that was laughable when they were over seventy and he but twenty-three. But he thought about his work, a thing which we do too little; and by thinking he found out ways to do his work supremely well. He formed a regiment of Bheels, and drilled them smartly; presently he had made the Bheel district law-abiding, and also safe, except from tigers.

So Outram began to kill tigers, especially the "man-eaters," beasts with a taste for human flesh; he killed a hundred and ninety-two. He was keen but cool; one day he missed his shot, and the tiger grabbed him, but he got at his pistol in time. When the Bheels came running up, to make a fuss over their wounded young father, he said: "What do I care for cat-scratches?"

He went into battles as if with glee. "A tiger is a coward compared to Sahib Outram," his Sepoys, the native soldiers, used to say. As a skilful soldier he was early offered high commands, but he refused to step over the heads of officers who had been longer in the service than he. A faithful friend, he would take no unfair advantage of anybody; but when he was in command he was strict.

He was strict with careless or lazy subalterns, though plenty of "chaffing" went on at mess. He cheered his men by his manner, too; during the siege of Lucknow he continually made jests. When a British gunner had destroyed the enemy's best piece of cannon, down came Outram to the battery at once.

"What's this you've done?" he said to the gunner gaily. "I've heard about you, good man! I bestow upon you the highest reward I have to give," and he handed the gunner a very small, old, cracked cigar. There was laughter at that; the gunners laughed, Outram laughed, the horror of the siege was forgotten awhile, and everybody felt the better and braver for a minute's fun.

It is a healthy British way to deal with difficult and serious things quietly, and even gaily, not faltering nor bewailing, but keeping one's spirits up. A mark of our race is for the spirit to rise amidst hardships and dangers; it is better to be cheerful over troubles than to grumble and groan. A great author wrote of a certain Mark Tapley, who whenever things were going badly used to "come out strong":

"My constitution is to be jolly," Mark said, "and my weakness is to wish to find a credit in it. I'm always a-thinking that what with my good health and spirits, it would be more creditable to be jolly when there's things going on to make me dismal. I've a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down." It is a great help when the worse things are looking the more one's spirits rise.

The true British spirit steadily mounts when things go wrong awhile. The worse matters seem to look the more one ought to keep on trying to make them turn out better, never giving in, but always striving for the best. To be hopeful and mirthful over a task helps more than to be doleful over it; to keep in the dumps depresses others as well as oneself.

Outram kept hopeful always, therefore he could be happy in spirit; therefore he could be mirthful, and could keep up the spirits of others. He was the "happy warrior," the wise ruler, the loyal friend and true patriot whose portrait is drawn in these lines:

"Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means: and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire. . . .
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired:
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw:
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need."

Though Outram was a soldier, he never rejoiced in war; therefore he could be the "happy warrior," the blameless fighter, the Knight without reproach as well as without fear.

CHAPTER XXVI

Fellow-Patriotism

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof"

By twining two sets of threads together a weaver makes cloth. Into one set, the warp, he twines another set, the weft or woof; and though the various strands may still show in the pattern, the cloth is one and whole. Even so can the patriotism of several nations be woven into one.

Two sets of people may dwell within the same area, as fellow-patriots; the Welsh and the English do. Several nations dwelling in neighbour lands can become fellow-patriots, as the English, the Scottish, the Irish, and the Welsh have become. And thus, out of different races to begin with, a great joint Race can grow:

"Weave o'er the world your weft, yea, weave yourselves,
Imperial Races, weave the warp thereof.
Swift like your shuttle speed the ships. . . ."

and this interlacing must keep on. For though already

". . . we weave on a hundred shores
And spin on a thousand quays,"

it is not enough; the mesh must be woven more closely.

In the Governor's garden at Quebec a monument

stands, set up to the woven memory of Montcalm, the French General, and Wolfe, the British General, who both fell in battle upon Abraham's Heights. "Wolfe" is engraved on one side of the monument, and "Montcalm" on the other; the inscription is, "Their valour gave them a united death; History has given them a united name."

Montcalm was "a wary old fellow," Wolfe said, and the young, red-headed Wolfe was said in England to be mad. "Mad, is he?" King George II growled. "Then I wish he would bite some of my other Generals!" For other British Generals had failed. Wolfe seemed to know that victory would come to him on the Heights, but also that he would fall; for the night before, in his boat on the hushed river, he recited "The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Out of that battle between brave French and brave British came, in time, the Union of Canada, a twining of the warp and woof. Their ancient laws, customs, and rights of worship had been secured to the French-Canadians by Act of Parliament, and their fellow-patriotism with British Canadians could then begin to grow. Soon afterwards, when the colonies which became the United States of America revolted, many thousands of loyal British there, "the United Empire Loyalists," went to Canada; and thus, in the Flag there, are woven three sets of shining strands.

Dutch and British are mingled in South Africa, a few hundred thousand white specks amidst millions of dark inhabitants. The earliest European settlers

there were Dutch; some French joined them; and out of these two races the Boers were born. The Boers were described in the year 1837 by an English Governor as "**a brave, patient, industrious, orderly, and religious people.**"

When British emigrants reached South Africa and settled near the Boers, sad quarrels began, however; it seemed as if the Boers could never agree with the British, and as if the British could never be at home with the Boers. The two were not good neighbours, they did not give and take; therefore there was no interweaving.

The two Races battled in a long and bitter war at last; but after that the hand of friendship was held out and was taken loyally; what had been Boer Republics became States of the Empire, self-governing still. Soon the Union of South Africa, set up in trustfulness, united the two races in friendship, and fellow-patriotism began to grow.

Boers and British, under Boer Generals, marched side by side to victory against Germans, and that was a proof of mutual loyalty. Our way of Empire trusts to freedom and friendliness; and fellow-patriotism is the flower from that root.

For hundreds of years, during periods of peace outside, there had been jarring between British and Irish, within the Realm. But in time of battle abroad these jealousies became stilled. When the War began there was some prospect of civil strife in Ireland, and British people were taking sides, some for one Irish party and some for the other. But

WHO'S ABSENT?
Is it You?

at the call of fellow-patriotism this danger faded out. Revolts took place in Ireland, but did not last long, and Irish soldiers fought for us all as bravely as any during the War.

There are four strands of Race in the Realm. Out of these the fair fabric of fellow-patriotism can be woven. For "divisions and sub-divisions will undo us. The adversary waits the hour. 'When they have branched themselves out into parties and partitions small enough, then will be my hour,' saith he." Jealousy at home is mutual treason; it unlocks the gate to the foe.

Out of the whole Realm and Empire one united Race is being developed. Whatever it be called, the Britannic Race, or the Imperial British—the best word to name it has not yet been found—our patriotism must cause it to be one Race, undivided, free from jealousies and full of mutual trust. Our own part of the domain, whichever it may be, will naturally be the dearest to each of us, but all the rest of the domain must be dear to us too.

"East or west, home is best," but people of our Race make new homes all over the world. The young must not be slow to take ship when they are old enough, and to cross the ocean, settling in distant lands and making new homes there. Wherever they thus dwell, if they show the good qualities of the Race, they will honour the Realm and Empire; but they will also strengthen the Race if they settle within its domains.

We are not yet numerous enough. When the War

began there were less than 63,000,000 of our Race within the whole vast Realm and Empire; there were more Germans in Germany than that when the War began. There are places abroad so romantic to think of, and with such melodious names, that you long to see them, but the Empire contains places just as good.

To settle in some land which does not form part of the Empire might lead you to give up the great citizenship to which you were born, and that would be a pity; the Realm and Empire is wide enough, fertile enough, and busy enough to afford room and work for us all.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Call of Kinship

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

SHIPS are the shuttles that weave the fabric of the Realm and Empire more firmly and closely, but the thread of the weaving is Race. The more we ply to and fro, between the Realm and the Empire, the Empire and the Realm, the stronger will be our patriotism of Race.

Race-patriotism is stirred into warmth by the feeling that we all belong to the same family. People have emigrated from the Realm to the Empire, or from the Empire to the Realm, leaving the country of their birth, and have had children who were partly "Realm" and partly "Empire"; but they all belonged to our Race.

We each had four grandparents, sixteen great-grandparents, two hundred and fifty-six great-great-grandparents; each of us has, knowingly or not, kinsfolk in many parts of the Realm and Empire. None of us can say "I am English only," or Scottish, Welsh, Canadian, or Australian only. The early English were akin to the early Dutch, and thus we have kinship with the Boers; under Norman and Plantagenet rule French and English mingled, and thus the Canadian-French are our kin.

Our kinship is now all one, so should our Race-patriotism be; though we may specially love our own particular land. Scottish, English, and Irish peasants went over to Canada long ago, most of them loth to leave their old home; but in their great new land they worked with hope. The shielings and cottages which used to be home lay far away, across the ocean; but new, prosperous homes could be built.

So the woods of Canada awoke to busy life; from the Atlantic to Lake Huron the ring of the settler's axe could be heard. Great orderly fires arose, for the lands could be more quickly cleared by burning than by hewing; and the ashes were hardly cool before the stones began to be picked off the soil and piled aside. Then ploughs were driven in, between the tree-stumps, and presently the new land yielded its first crops.

At night in those early settlements the elder people used to speak of the old homes away across the Atlantic; the Scots used to long to see the

wild Highlands again, and the Irish to hear once more

> "The bells of Shandon
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

The Welsh thought tenderly of misty mountains, the English of calm counties and singing streams.

Listening, the younger folk felt a second patriotism stir, a love for a land they could hardly remember; and *their* children thought with tenderness of Home-lands which they had never seen. In such an hour of thought one of them worded the "Canadian Boat Song," beautiful with ancient love; think of three or four brothers, with a Scottish name though born in Canada, rowing home at evening, and one of them singing thus:

> "Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
> Sing long ago the song of other shores;
> Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
> All your deep voices as ye pull your oars:
> Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand:
> But we are exiles from our fathers' land.
>
> "From the lone shieling of the misty island
> Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
> Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand:
> But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

"We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the clear small stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand:
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

"Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansman true and stern claymore;
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand:
But we are exiles from our fathers' land."

Canada contains a Windsor, a Hastings, a Peterborough, a Leeds, a Chatham; it has a London, in a Middlesex, on a river Thames. There are Canadian counties of Perth, Renfrew, Elgin, and Lanark, Durham, Essex, Northumberland, Kent, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Oxford. In Australia and New Zealand place-names are also repeated in that way; the old names were given to the new places, in love and memory of the old home.

In Australia and New Zealand, and elsewhere, people of the Race remembered the Old Land, or thought of it tenderly if they had never seen it, when they sang the old ballads of "Maxwellton braes are bonny," or "The Groves of Blarney," or "The March of the Men of Harlech," or "The Farmer's Boy"—and then the old kinship stirred.

But as generation after generation came, it almost seemed that only the recent settlers, those lately come from the old lands, could much care for them and keep love for them alive. Yet the fire of that old love still glowed, and presently, upon a great occasion, it leaped in glory. With the War came "foreign rage," for German "discord burst in slaughter," and then Race-patriotism stirred throughout all our great domains.

Then Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Newfoundlanders, and South Africans came over to be soldiers and seamen and to fight in the War. How they fought for the Empire and Realm is famous now; none fought for their own country only; they fought also for the Race. The bugle called, Race-patriotism answered;

"Wherever the sunbeams are falling,
There flies the old Flag of the free,
And kindred to kindred are calling,
Unparted by mountain and sea."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Foster-Patriotism

"Where savages are, use them justly and graciously"

When the War began, news that the British Sahibs were fighting their enemies, in a land far over the sea, spread throughout the cities of India, and was carried into the most distant villages. At once many

retired native soldiers reported themselves at military posts to join the colours again.

One old Hindoo came limping in, lame with trudging four hundred miles. He saluted, and said that he had come to rejoin Lord Roberts Sahib; he wished to be sent to the War at once. When he was told that Lord Roberts was too old for battles, he said, "Oh, no! If Lord Roberts Sahib is alive he will be fighting, and I must go fight beside him, as I used to do."

Field-Marshal **Lord Roberts** had died in France, among his old friends of the Indian Army. The native troops and princes mourned for him sadly, not only as their former General but as their friend; they called him "Father." Even so, a lad adopted into a kindly woman's care can think of her as his mother, and she can come to think of him as a son.

There can thus be a foster-patriotism. When people of other blood are ruled by our Race wisely and gently, they can learn to think of themselves as sons and daughters of the Realm. During the War this foster-patriotism was shown in all the subject regions of the domain, by words of loyalty, gifts, and military service, from people of other blood than our own.

One Afridi brought in eighty fine young recruits. "Sahib," he said, "I am a very old man now, and God has been with my Sahibs and me many years. My old Sahibs think there can be nobody like us old ones, and we old ones think there can be nobody like our old Sahibs. But let our old Sahibs keep on sending their sons to India, and our sons will keep on being faithful to the Raj."

From a small island in the Pacific called Niué came an offer of money and two hundred men, in a letter signed by twelve dark-skinned Chiefs. This was the letter: "I am the island of Niué, a small child that stands up to help the great Kingdom. There are two portions I am offering—money and men." This "small child" was truly our foster-son.

To men of our Race who ruled and guided the subject peoples the command came long ago to act honestly, do justice, and show mercy, not making private profit nor plundering, but fostering honesty, and keeping the Law.

"Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience;
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford;
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown:
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

The Law is that we keep the laws we make; that we are obedient who expect others to obey; that we see they do not rob each other, but that we do not rob them: that we help them to become civilised and comfortable, making roads and bridges for them, preventing disorder, and establishing law and peace among them.

"Let me work here, for Britain's sake, at any task you will—
A marsh to drain, a road to make, or native troops to drill."

But it is not to be for Britain's sake alone.

A native of Burma said, "You Sahibs obey an order at once, though it comes from far away. You obey it willingly, as if it was just what you wished to do. You live here lonely, thousands of miles from your land, yet you do not seem to be divided from it. When we see two or three of you governing a whole region, you seem to us to be the fingers of some great Creature over the sea."

Better than any others, men of our Race have known how to develop foster-patriotism among dusky people, making friends with them by being kindly, though just and if needs be stern. Our Race has thus gained many dusky friends. During the War two tiny British motor-boats fought with and captured a German gunboat on Lake Tanganyika. Thousands of natives who watched from the shore did a war-dance when they saw the British win, and then they rubbed their heads with sand to show their joy.

Our men who rule abroad have to live and work in places unhealthy with fever; savage beasts and sometimes savage men lie in wait, and the life there is lonely and hard. It is often exile, too; children of our Race born there must be sent to the Realm very young, if they are to thrive. So there must be sore family partings, and long separations between parent and child.

In the year 1860 a ruler for the Realm in India returned to England for the first time after thirty years. He reached his old home just in time to have one day there with his son, a young officer who was starting for India on the morrow. Such

may be the life which those of our race who encourage foster-patriotism have to lead.

Blunders have been made, and evil deeds been done; but that was while our Realm was only learning how to colonise and guide. One of the rules of the old East India Company for its servants was: "If any abuse the natives they are to be set at the gate in irons all the day-time, and all the night be tied to a post."

On the day when Indian princes and soldiers went gladly off in ships to fight under our Flag in Europe, the long work of our statesmen, soldiers, and rulers in India received the seal of Indian approval. On the whole, the subject races have been used "justly and graciously," and to know that they make progress in civilisation and happiness is a high reward.

Part III

"INFECTION, AND THE HAND OF WAR"

CHAPTER XXIX

Patriotism Turned Sour

"War was in his heart"

HONEY may go bad, as butter turns rancid; patriotism, though wholesome at first, can ferment into something morbid and evil. The Germans all meant to be patriots, but in many of them patriotism had turned into jealousy, conceit, and covetousness, before the War.

These longed for conquest and prepared for bloodshed. A great Irishman once wrote that "The blood of man should never be shed except to redeem the blood of man. The rest is vanity, the rest is crime." But Germany went to war to conquer, not to redeem; false patriotism in Germany said that "war is good."

Therefore, in causing the War, they committed the greatest of crimes. Their Emperor had flattered and infected them; he used to talk to them of their "shining armour" and their "mailed fist." He may have thought this was knightly speech, but "The best word is a blow," he said, and true knights used to parley honourably before they drew the sword.

The German Government loved to domineer; they would not listen to reason or to peace-makers. War was in their hearts. "Hurrah for the dry powder and the sharp blade!" the German Emperor cried, and his subjects shouted "Hurrah!" And this was patriotism gone sour; it was the false patriotism of the bullying sword.

The German Emperor did not reign as our Kings do, peaceably, according to settled law. He ruled; the German Parliament had no control. "There is only one law in Germany," he said, "and it is the law which *I* lay down." A free nation would have checked this Royal vanity, but the Germans were not free. They were little better than serfs politically; they had hardly cared about political liberty. And this was the false patriotism of contented bondage.

The Germans wished to become greater, but no nation can be great that is not free. Germans worked and studied well, planned and organised carefully, and prepared to be great, but they boasted, became conceited, and ceased to believe in the right. They were envious and jealous, too; because the Realm seemed to stand in their way they said, "We must crush England!" And this was the false patriotism of swollen national pride.

Their love of country thus turned into something noxious. They made power their idol. They ceased to respect the rights of other nations. They no longer loved justice, showed mercy, or respected International Law. With ruthless wickedness they began and carried on a War that was a crime. They

fought well, and were successful at first; but they gained no real honour; honour is another name for fair fame.

"War is war!" they said, and thought it patriotic to wage war more brutally than any nation had ever done before. More than ever before was seen the sight of "troops putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror and murder." This was done against the Law of Nations and the rules of War.

In the year 1899 the German Government solemnly agreed that "An enemy who has laid down his arms, or having no means of defence left has surrendered, must not be killed or wounded." But during the War this order was given to many German soldiers: "All Frenchmen who fall into your hands, whether wounded or not, are to be killed;" the pledge was broken. "It is expressly forbidden to kill or wound treacherously" is another rule of war; Germans broke that too.

Many German officers and soldiers broke every rule of war, and despised all honesty and decency. They thieved. Wantonly they destroyed beautiful old colleges and cathedrals. They used forbidden weapons. Some of them tortured, some jeered at agony. Some wilfully fired upon the wounded. Some slew aged people, women, girls, boys and tiny children. And this was the false patriotism of frightfulness, intended to scare opponents into yielding.

German officers and soldiers fired upon hospitals;

German sailors torpedoed hospital ships, peaceful liners, and small fishing boats. They killed nurses and doctors; they abused the white flag of truce as well as the red cross of mercy. They bombed cities; they starved or killed prisoners of war. They did other things unspeakable, so wicked that I must not describe them. And this was the false patriotism of Necessity. "Necessity can know no law," they said; "we *must* win, somehow!"

Yet nothing wicked or unfair can be needful, even in war time; if victory cannot be gained honestly it ought not to be sought for at all. Even the German merchants tried to be warlike in peace time, using unfair and crafty ways of spreading German influence abroad; and secret agents of the German Government schemed and conspired, even in peace time, to undermine the national life of other countries, and to stir up trouble all over the world.

Nelson wrote in his day, "As for the German Generals, war is their trade, and peace is ruin to them"; for more than a century Prussia made war its business, and for thirty years Germans made business into a kind of war. Patriotism means love of your country and your people; it does not mean hatred of other countries and their people; but the Germans thought it did.

We need not hate them now, even for all the misery they caused. But we are right to blame and condemn them, and it was just and good to deal with them in ways to prevent them beginning their evil-doing over again.

CHAPTER XXX

Necessity and Law

"Where law ends, tyranny begins"

NEAR the spot in Whitehall where mounted sentries keep guard to-day, King Charles I was beheaded. That night, as friends of the dead King watched the body, within the dark, cold palace, they saw a man enter. He had muffled his face, but they knew him ; he was **Cromwell.**

Cromwell, who had brought the King to trial and sentence, gazed at the body silently, shaking his head ; then, "Cruel necessity !" he muttered. He meant that the King had to die if the nation was to be kept free. But "cruel necessity" is seldom a good excuse. It was no excuse for the German assault on Belgium. "We had to do it ; we must do it," the German Chancellor said, but he confessed that "it is contrary to International Law."

International Law is another name for the Law of Nations ; it includes the rules of War. International Law is written in Treaties and other solemn public promises made between nations. Germany broke these promises intentionally ; the German Government at war refused any longer to abide by International Law. They thought to make their nation greater thereby. But a nation is only great through freedom, justice, and faith.

Justice, Truth, Mercy, and Liberty are four of the

guiding stars for Governments, and it is false patriotism to shut the eye to those sacred lights. "Keep troth," said King Edward I; troth must be kept with Treaties and Law. The ending of Law is the beginning of Tyranny again; the real necessity—a noble, not a "cruel," one—is to do the things known to be right, and not do things known to be evil.

But Germans thought otherwise. Therefore they and their helpers failed; they failed in every way, they did not even lose with honour. Honest defeat can be more glorious than triumph—it was so with Belgium; but the Central Empires failed with shame. They fell, and morally they died, for

> "When faith is lost, when honour dies,
> The man is dead."

There was a garden of vines near the palace of King Ahab, you remember, in the Bible; though only a little vineyard, it was Naboth's own, left to him by his father, and was the land of his heart. Said King Ahab, "Give me thy vineyard, because it is near to my house." Because Naboth refused, the servants of Ahab brought a false charge against him, and "stoned him with stones, that he died."

That old story came true again during the War. The Ahabs of Germany coveted Belgium and Luxembourg, two small free lands. Germany was eighteen times as big as Luxembourg; to attack Luxembourg was like a big chap hitting a little one and stealing his marbles.

The Ahabs of Austria-Hungary coveted Serbia, a

THE "SCRAP OF PAPER"
Palmerston
These are the signatures and seals of the representatives of the Six Powers to the "Scrap of Paper"— the Treaty signed in 1839 guaranteeing the independence and neutrality of Belgium.
"Palmerston" signed for Britain. "Bülow" for Prussia.
The Germans have broken their pledged word and devastated Belgium. Help to keep your Country's honour bright by restoring Belgium her liberty.
ENLIST TO-DAY

small land, poor and scant, but free. Austria-Hungary had agreed with the other Powers of Europe that Serbia should be free and independent. Germany and Austria-Hungary had agreed with the other Powers of Europe that Belgium and Luxembourg should be free and independent. Yet the Ahabs picked quarrels with the Naboths, brought false charges against them, and stoned them with explosives.

When it seemed likely that Germany was going to break its word to Belgium, the Government of the Realm gave fair warning that the Realm might have to go to war if that were done. The German Chancellor cried out with surprise. "You don't mean to say you will go to war for a mere scrap of paper!" said he; but that "scrap of paper" was a solemn Treaty, and the Realm must keep troth.

The German Government well knew that they were breaking faith and acting shamefully in assailing Belgium, yet "We are compelled to do it," the Chancellor said. "It is a matter of life or death for us!" This was the false patriotism of "cruel necessity" again, but even that was false, a pretext, a pretence, a mask. Long ago Germany had coveted Belgium and Luxembourg; long ago the Austrian Emperor had wished to add Serbia to his estate.

Dishonesty is always the worst policy. Because we kept troth with Belgium, fighting to deliver her and make her free and independent again, people all over the world still say that "an Englishman's word is as good as his bond," and will still believe in our promises. But because Germans falsified all

their pledges, tore up their Treaties, and broke all the Law of Nations, the world will be slow to trust them ever again.

CHAPTER XXXI

Gage of Battle

"Now tell us all about the War,
And what they killed each other for"

In tournament days knights sought fame through fighting, and a challenger would dash down his steel glove. This was called the gage of battle, and to take it up meant combat. In July, 1914, the German Government cast down the gage.

In tournament days there were felon knights who fought unfairly, taking foul advantage by sudden blows or secret devices; the German Government fought in that way. They had stealthily prepared great store of special guns, Zeppelin bombs, jets of flaming liquid, sprays of vitriol, poison shells and gases; they aimed to win by felon strokes, in ways that were false and foul.

They had long praised War and sneered at Peace; yet "**Peace shines on the world like the sun; the land is cultivated, the cattle are fed upon a thousand hills, pleasantness smiles, law reigns, humaneness and charity increase, the young are taught, the old enjoy ease. But War scatters the flocks, tramples the harvest, butchers the husbandmen, burns homes, casts down cities and States.**" It is a false patriotism that exults in war.

Peace is best; it is almost always a duty to be

peaceable ; but Peace cannot be kept if a felon Power is bent on making war. War in self-defence then becomes a true necessity ; war to defend the weak who are wrongfully attacked may become needful, as it did on behalf of Belgium ; and there can be a War to put down war.

"War is a ruffian;" making war four times in fifty years had turned the Germans into a ruffianly People. They scorned other nations, and laughed at other people's national rights. They played the bully in the school of Europe, and every schoolboy knows that there is no peace in a playground till a bully has been tackled and knocked out.

Outside Austria-Hungary, only Turkey and Bulgaria took Germany's side. France and Russia had long been Allies for mutual defence because of German bullying. How wickedly the Central Empires—Germany and Austria-Hungary—behaved in making the War is shown by the fact that Italy, formerly their Ally, not only would not help them, but took the other side in the War.

Having perfected their war-machinery, the Central Emperors looked round for an excuse to begin a fight. They thought they had found this in a murder which was one of the evil results of national quarrels in the Balkans ; Bulgaria, Serbia, and other neighbouring States had battled during the years 1912–1913, and bitter feelings had been left behind, even after Peace had been declared. Thus does war breed war.

The murder was done by a Serbian, who assassinated the Austrian heir to the Crown. This was probably the deed of a madman, but the Austrian Govern-

ment claimed that the whole Serbian nation was responsible for it, and demands were made upon Serbia such as no nation could honourably yield.

Serbia therefore consulted Russia—her big brother, so to speak, for Russians and Serbians belong to the same race; and Russia, anxious that peace should be kept in Europe, advised Serbia to agree to all the Austrian demands except two. But nothing would satisfy the Central Empires; Germany insisted that the trigger should be pulled, and thus forced the Continent into war.

Our Ambassadors abroad, and **Grey**, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, had done their best to have peace kept, but war the two Emperors wished for, and war they meant to have; they thought that they could win a war easily and cheaply; they knew they were better prepared for war than France or Russia could be.

The false patriotism of the Germans, the Austrians, and the Hungarians as nations led them to approve this warlike disposition; though many of them deplored it, they had no ways of stopping or postponing it, because they possessed no political power—they were not free. With great rejoicings the two Central Empires went to war, therefore, but they soon had cause for woe.

At the end of five hundred days of fighting, a number of Germans who had sought freedom outside their own country issued a Declaration which said: "This is no war of national defence; it is a war made by the German Government, in pride and greed. Our soldiers are shedding their blood for

Rulers who know neither pity nor shame. The German name is now scorned by all civilised people, the German flag is a badge of shame."

When the Central Governments saw that they could not win the War, they pleaded that they had never wished for war, and they positively said that France, Russia, and the Realm had forced the War upon them! But nobody believed them; such is the penalty of perfidy; the word of Germany and Austria could not again be taken as true.

"Honesty is the best policy," in government as well as in business; perfidy does not pay.

"Greed, boasting, foul behaviour, every crime
Of evil men may flourish for a time,
Yet they but travel on to swift decay
Who choose the crooked path and felon way."

Deceit is seldom helpful to the deceiver, and never helpful for long.

CHAPTER XXXII

Why We, Too, Went to War

"Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers"

LIKE a thief in the night German troops broke into Luxembourg, the smallest Naboth vineyard; and a German Army all spick and span in new uniforms entered Belgium, demanding to pass through it, and thus by foul play gain a march on France.

The whole world was shocked at the bold wickedness of this; but presently the world was full of

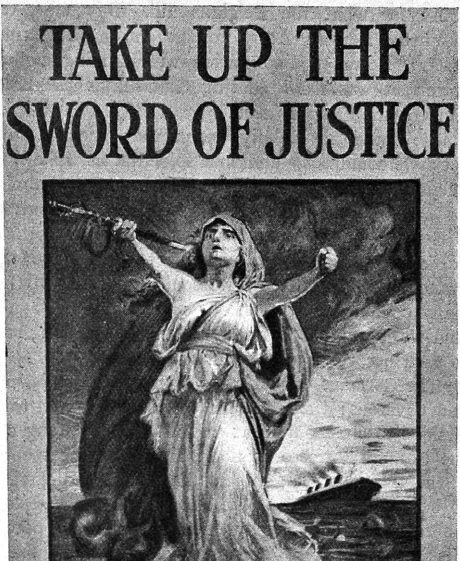
LONDON
DOVER
CALAIS
BOULOGNE
YPRES
DIEPPE
COME LAD
SLIP ACROSS AND HELP

praise for what the Belgians did. Day after day the little Belgian Army fought the huge German forces; it was a tiny nation withstanding a giant State; it was David daring Goliath, as the brave King of the Belgians said.

We could not calmly watch that unequal combat; we could not stand with folded arms while little Belgium fought for her liberty against overwhelming force. We were pledged to keep Belgium neutral; if Germany and Austria could be base enough to break their pledges, so could not we. There was France to think of, too; we could not think of Germany conquering France, our national friend, again. And we knew that Germany meant, in the long run, to turn her guns against ourselves.

The Germans envied us so; they were so jealous and covetous; they had built their Navy and their airships to cross our moat and attack us. Long ago the German Emperor had declared that the sceptre of the seas must pass into his hand; he had claimed to be "the Admiral of the Atlantic"; he had told his subjects that their future lay upon the ocean. His Navy was kept constantly and instantly ready for warlike use.

One of his titles was the "All-Highest"; he meant to be War Lord over both land and sea. We had raised no great Army then; we did not seek to rule by land. But we can never agree to any Power ruling both land and water; we always must be a great naval Power, because of our scattered Empire, and because "our insular position leaves us only the choice between omnipotence or impotence,


TAKE UP THE
SWORD OF JUSTICE

Britannia must either rule the waves or be swallowed up."

Reluctantly, for we are peaceable, we had to think of warfare again; so when the Germans attacked the Belgians, the Government of the Realm declared War, and all the Governments in the Empire approved what the Realm had done.

We "took up the sword of justice"; we went to war neither for glory nor gain. There is glory in fighting, no doubt; "'tis one thing to enter the breach the first man—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets and colours flying," but

"'Tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war—to view the desolations of whole countries." Yet "when war is fought, as ours has been, upon principles of liberty and honour, what is it but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and turbulent within bounds?"

We went to war "to vindicate the sanctity of Treaty obligations, to assert the independence of free States, to withstand the claim of a single Power to dominate Europe." Fifteen months later, while the War was far from won, other words were uttered, which breathed the steadfast courage and unconquerable resolve of our Race:

"We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recover in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace

of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation; and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

That was why the Realm drew the sword, and, "having a good conscience," took up the gage which Germany had flung down.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Tower of Refuge

"The mustering squadron and the clattering car"

DURING the night of August 4th, 1914, a sentry pacing his beat within the Tower of London stood at guard; three men were approaching him, one of them wearing a red cloak and carrying a lantern; so "Halt! Who goes there?" the sentry cried.

"The keys!" said the man in the red cloak, lifting his lantern. "Whose keys?" the sentinel demanded. "King George's keys!" said the man in red. Then the soldier presented arms: "Pass, King George's keys," said he; and the man in red, moving on a step or two, cried aloud, "God save King George!"

Night after night, all down the centuries, that challenge has been heard in the Tower: "Whose keys?" Night after night, all down the centuries, the reply has been heard: "King Stephen's keys!" or "King Henry's keys!" or so on, from reign to reign. But that night of August 4th, when "Pass, King

George's keys!" had been said, the man in the red cloak cried solemnly, "God save King George at war!"

For war had begun again. All over Europe that night

> "The drum's deep note was heard afar,
> The bugle wildly blew."

Even in neutral countries they had to prepare; to the nations at war it meant death or wounds for many, and it meant loss of ease of mind, comfort, and property all over the world.

The Realm might have stood aloof from the struggle. Well we knew that night how the War must mean death, mutilation, disease, anxiety, and every kind of pain. Peace is pleasant and life is dear; it is heart-breaking to lose a son, a brother, a father, a husband. We might have remained neutral; it was a great temptation not to join in the struggle.

Three times in three centuries the Realm had stood forth against ambitious military Powers; three times already, at great cost of life, pain, privation, and debt the Realm had joined in great defensive wars. Now again the call of duty rang, pealing the high message that death and loss in a noble cause can be better than life and gain. "Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are." We could not shirk.

We knew the Germans to be ready, mighty, and ruthless; we might have held back in dread. But our race has never been craven. Long ago Sir

Humphrey Gilbert told us that "Death is inevitable, but the fame of virtue is immortal; therefore in this behalf spurn fear!" In this behalf, for a good cause, and with a good conscience, we went to war that night.

In a noble behalf we did it, and not for our own sake alone. A patriot wishes his country to prosper, and war destroys; but a patriot wishes his country to be honoured, and it would have been dishonourable to have shirked. Peace is best and ease is pleasant, but there is something higher; life is dear, long life is desirable, but life, long or short, is not all.

"Old age is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet: the life of which the cross is a symbol; a battle which no Peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won. And this is the highest life of man."

Part of "the highest life of man" may be giving up one's own life in battle, for the sake of some noble cause. Not for the sake of fighting and "glory," however; the taking of life in battle can only be justified when it is just. The false patriotism of the Germans forced the War upon us; true patriotism called upon us to meet them in the fight.

It is foolish to say that any war is "bound to come, sooner or later," and "had better be got over at once"; Germans told each other that. People in England said it, about a possible war with France seventy years ago, but Wellington himself gave the right answer: "Come sooner or later, must it?

Then let us have it as late as possible!" And it never came at all.

But the War with Germany did come, and it made the path of many peoples "hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet." We might have stood aloof; the sea lay around us, we might have sought to keep ourselves selfishly safe, within our moat. But the whole world is grateful that we did not.

The keys of law and liberty for all were in our hands that night. We held them then, we hold them still; we guarded western Europe from conquest and destruction. The whole world saw the Realm stand up again unshakable, a tower of refuge; so must it always be.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A Terrible Conflict

"The leaves of the Judgment book unfold"

AND the tempest of war came again, more stormily than ever, but again it broke upon that tower of refuge, as waves do against a lighthouse. It raged for years, however, and it injured the whole world.

In peace time foolish people praise war-making, but in war time everybody knows that peace is best. This was the worst War ever known; let us hope it will be the last. Judgment came upon most of those who made this War; the German Emperor had to flee, and all the German kings lost their thrones.

We had no big Army ready; our regular soldiers were few. But they went to the War at once and fought gallantly, skilfully, and coolly, with good marksmanship. These were the "men of Mons." Yet most of them fell, and the huge German Army pressed on.

Our Fleet was large and ready, and it helped us all through the War. The German Navy had some small successes at sea, but for the most part it kept in harbour, behind minefields which protected it from attack. After the Battle of Jutland the German warships ceased to fight.

Million after million of men in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland volunteered to be soldiers, and hundreds of thousands to be sailors. Myriad after myriad of volunteers came over from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, and other parts of the Empire. Indian soldiers, and negro soldiers, took part, displaying foster-patriotism.

The Germans fought with courage, skill, and devotion to their country in its bad cause, but the harder they fought the more they were withstood; no nation can conquer the world; no nation should think of trying to do so. From the first the Germans fought unfairly, and the more unfairly they fought the more enemies rose up against them. The French, the Belgians, the Serbians, the Russians and the Japanese had been opposing them; so had we; then the Italians and the Greeks came into the War, on our side.

When the Germans saw that their Navy could not stand up to ours, they began to use submarine ships and torpedoes; not against our warships only, which would have been fair fighting, but against

unarmed and peaceable merchant-ships and passenger vessels; which is contrary to the laws of war, and as cowardly as unfair.

This was the false patriotism of "necessity knows no law" again. It did the Germans no good. When they had sunk the *Lusitania* and other vessels, and had drowned some hundreds of women and children,

A SCHOOL WAR-SAVINGS SOCIETY

the United States of America entered the War, on our side. The Judgment book had begun to unfold.

German aeroplanes and airships bombed London and other English places; German cruisers shelled some of our seaside towns; and these were acts opposed to the laws of war. This did not help the Germans. Our people at home did not flinch, any more than our soldiers and sailors abroad. War-savings began, and school-children helped in this.

Year after year the Germans fought on, and helped their Allies—Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria—to fight; year after year they expected to win, but at last they lost hope and asked for an Armistice and peace. And then they began to read in the book of Judgment what they had done. They had set the whole world against them. They had lost millions of men. They had ruined their trade. They had lost their colonies. They had burdened themselves with a load of debt immense. They were starving, for food and for clothing. They were deep in disaster and shame.

And their shame was to last. As the history of the War is more and more written, the Germans and their Kaiser will be more and more condemned. People a hundred years from now will read of their wickedness in this War and shudder. The great thing in life is to act in ways which we shall not wince to think of afterwards and blush to remember; for every one of us, and for every nation, the leaves of the Judgment book unfold.

Part IV

"BRIGHT EMINENCE"

CHAPTER XXXV

The Home in the Heart

"The family of Fame"

A WEEDY old burial-ground at Calcutta holds the grave of a lad from Somerset, who died in helping us to gain India, nearly two centuries ago. Far away from his native county he lies; you might think that on leaving his home he lost it for ever. Yet here we are reading about him; our minds are a home for him still.

Remembrance is the best monument; try to win remembrance for your own name. The story of patriotic lives or deaths "needs not to be figured in marble or cut into granite or cast of bronze. No urn nor monolith nor broken column is so fit a monument for brave men as the crumbling breastwork and the battered wall." Remembrance is best of all.

In a thousand French and Belgian places the crumbling parapet and the battered dug-out remain as memorials of our dead. Generations of our Race to come will travel to those grass-grown trenches, and think tenderly of those of our kinship who fell there, far from home; our brave dead will thus

live on in the home of the mind, the home of the heart.

"We are not divided, all one body we;" we of the present and they of the past are all one, in mutual hope and effort. Our country includes not only our native soil but also our national soul, our national triumphs and trials, our doings and makings, our arts and crafts, our books and our songs, our deeds and discoveries—all the thoughts and memories that are awakened in us by the dear name of the land of our heart.

Patriotism is not only a feeling of triumph, therefore; it means love for our country and service to her whether she triumphs or suffers. Patriotism is a duty and a call; it is a debt to be paid by our way of thinking, doing, living, and dying. Patriotism is devotion as well as emotion. It came out in all that our Race has well done; it ought to come out in all that you will do.

To help to gain India was great; it is greater to help to rule India well. "All Empire is no more than power in trust." It is great to die for one's country; it is also great to live well for one's country. There were other lads of Somerset, as of every county, who grew into "brave men and worthy patriots," though they stayed at home and never handled rifle or sword.

The spade, the hammer, the ship, the book, the song, the picture, the hymn, the needle, the school, and the pulpit, the cooking-range, the laboratory and the furnace, the judge's chair and the policeman's beat, the surgery and the hospital, the farm, the

warehouse and the ledger, the Parliamentary Bill and the vote, may all of them be instruments of Patriotism. The craftsman, the farmer, the merchant, and the thinker should each be valued by us; we ought to honour them all.

"Let us therefore be inspired and stimulated, not only by the glory of our countrymen's valour in battle, but by the great sight of our country's daily life: falling in love with our country, and knowing that her greatness is born of wise men's understanding and good men's doing of duty, as well as of daring by the brave. For all these, too, gave their service as a noble offering to their Race. Therefore they shall not die out of our minds.

"Fame such as this is the grandest of monuments; it is not a place in which dry bones are laid, it is a living home, within the minds of fellow-patriots. And this glory is everlasting in value, stirring us up to like deeds. Our whole land is the sepulchre of famous men; the story of them is not only graven in stone but written in our hearts; it lives on in other patriots' lives."

This is the home in the mind, this is the best crown and reward. Often it comes to some who think they have failed. Scott, Oates, and their comrades grieved because they had failed in "the dim polar twilight," yet on a tablet in St. Paul's it is written that "Their bodies are lost in the Antarctic ice, but the memory of their deeds is an everlasting monument."

"Let us now praise famous men, and the fathers who begat us; such as did bear rule, men renowned

for their powers, giving counsel by their understanding, leaders of the people by their wisdom and learning, wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, too, and recited verses in writing: and rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their houses. For all these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

"There be some of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises should be reported. Their Race remaineth, and their children, for their sakes. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for ever. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation shall shew forth their praise."

When Japanese soldiers celebrate a victory they place wreaths of laurel upon the tombs of their forefathers, not upon their own heads; we, too, praise those who are gone. But we should also try to be fair to our living leaders; to think only of their failings would be uncharity of mind

CHAPTER XXXVI

Charity of Mind

"Where bells have knoll'd to church"

EACH night of the War a prayer was offered up in England, that God would have mercy on the faint-hearted, giving them hope; and on commanders, that they might have wisdom; and on sentinels, that they might be wakeful; on the sick, that they

might sleep; the wounded, that they might have ease; and the dying, that they might find rest.

On the whole, ours has been a worshipping Race, readers of the Bible, reverent of religion, and apt "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness, the deeds and triumphs of just nations doing valiantly through faith." It is true that foreigners have called us hypocrites, because we do not live up to what we believe; yet we may hope that, as much as any race, ours has tried to serve God and help man.

Many good men and women have dwelt among us, teaching what was right and holy by their lives as well as their words. Columban and Patrick of Ireland, David and Asaph of Wales, Boniface, Cuthbert, Hild and Chad of England, with others, were known as saints. Breakspear became Pope. Wycliffe, Knox, Latimer, Laud, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Herbert, Fox, Tillotson, Baxter, Wesley, Chalmers, Newman, Martineau, Booth and others were eloquent preachers of religion.

They taught the duty of living "a godly, sober, and righteous life," and most of them possessed the "most excellent gift of charity." We have had our bigots, however—men so sure that their own way in religion or politics was the only right way that they wished to compel all other people to think or worship in that way, and that way alone. Therefore persecution and martyrdom often befell.

"Great lives have been bled away into Tweed and Avon, great spirits have been oared down the Thames to Traitor's Gate and the Tower." Injustice was

often done; tyranny prevailed. Lord Grey of Wilton wrote to his mother: "Madam, be not dismayed. I am in the Tower, but neither for thought nor deed against king or country." Yet he died in prison, in the year 1614.

The centuries when people who ruled our Race thought it their duty or their right to force others to think, worship, or act in one way, the way of the rulers, are past. We have learned to be more charitable of mind. Liberty for conscience and freedom of political thought now prevail throughout the Realm and Empire; people of our Race no longer try to constrain each other's minds and souls.

The home in the mind can now be a more wide and generous place of remembrance, therefore—admitting, for instance, both Cromwell and King Charles I. Charity of mind makes allowances, does not suppose that anybody or any set of views is absolutely right, and does not persecute, or prosecute, or seek to punish people whose views may differ from one's own. And this is "the very bond of peace"—this is the shield of unity and national goodwill.

Charity of mind and heart is more difficult to feel than charity of almsgiving is to bestow. Charity of mind is the highest form of charity, it is nobler than the charity of pity; when St. Paul wrote that though he should give all his goods to the poor, if he had not charity he would be nothing, it was charity of mind and heart that he meant. We may think ourselves patriots, but if we have not charity of mind towards other nations and their patriotism we come short.

"Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its (selfish) own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil" (of other people's ways of worshipping, voting, or feeling patriotism). It is not truly patriotic to be uncharitable of mind and not respect the convictions of other people; opinion and conscience must go free.

Opinion must be honest, however; and conscience tells whether it is honest or not. We must not pretend, and yet expect to have our opinions respected. If we go by conscience we shall "carry within us a faithful monitor, persuading us to whatever in conduct is gentle and honourable"; whatever is gentle and honourable calls forth charity of mind in others, and gains respect.

We have had great teachers, and teachers of teachers, among us: Bede, Alcuin, Ascham, Colet, Locke, Arnold and others of our race have helped to develop the British way of being gentle and pleasant as well as firm. In our schools and colleges we are to be educated as well as taught, and the most truly educated people are the people most charitable in mind.

Nurse Cavell said to the chaplain, "I can well give up my life for my country, but that is not enough; I must feel no bitterness, I must harbour no hatred." That was the highest and noblest form of charity of mind. Compared to that, bitterness towards each other at home, or hatred towards enemy nations, is uneducated and unpatriotic; the Germans were not truly patriotic in singing

"Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate by the head and hate by the hand,
Hate by the hammer and hate by the Crown,
Hate by seventy millions, choking down:
We love as one and we hate as one.
We all have one foe, and one alone—
It is ENGLAND!"

Long ago we learned a better way than that.

More than a century ago, above the grave of prisoners of war who had died at Chatham, this inscription was placed:

"Here are gathered together
The remains of many brave soldiers and sailors
Who, having once been the foes, afterwards the captives of England,
Now find rest in her soil,
Remembering no more the animosities of war
Or the sorrows of imprisonment.
They were deprived of the consolation of closing their eyes
Amongst the countrymen they loved,
But they have been laid in an honourable grave,
By a nation which knows how to respect valour,
And to sympathise with misfortune."

The Germans did wickedly, fought unfairly, and wrought terrible evil; yet charity of mind can think, without hatred, even of them. We must not demean ourselves by descending to their level. The French say "*Noblesse oblige*" about things which noble people must do; hatred is low and mean, charity

of mind is noble; gentlemen must not stoop to behave like roughs.

One of our Race wrote of "**the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light**"—pleasantness of manner and radiance of mind. This kind of charity helps one to make allowance for others, to be patient in argument with them, to respect their right to have their own opinion, and partly to understand their side of a question, as well as one's own.

Charity of mind is sweetly reasonable; always we ought to seek for "sweet reasonableness" in our judgments of other people and their views. Unreasonable, testy, bitter people make bad judges and rulers; no ruling Race should be uncharitable of mind.

"**He who works for sweetness and light works to make reason and the will of God prevail.**" A good knight was expected to be powerful, but also to be chivalrous and generous; to have dignity but also kindliness; shall we not try to be knights of the mind?

CHAPTER XXXVII

Compassionate Aid

"The cup of strength in some great agony"

A WOUNDED knight cried out for water, and it was brought him, but just as he was about to drink he saw a soldier worse hurt than himself eye the cup longingly. "Drink thou!" said **Sidney** the knight. "Thy need is greater than mine."

That was charity of heart. During the War great love and aid went out to our soldiers from those at home; and because of charity of mind even captured enemies of ours were treated well. But Sidney's example stands good in time of peace, as well as of war.

Therefore people of our Race have been foremost in practical pity, providing hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, convalescent homes, schools and refuges for the orphaned, almshouses for the old; places of help for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the mentally weak; systems of sick-pay, pensions for the aged, and other modes of aid.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves" is a proverb, and the best laws are those which most help people to help themselves. But illness and other forms of weakness are often inherited, descending from the vices or carelessness of forbears, and there are still many people among us who cannot well be expected to help themselves.

People of our Race have been leaders in ways of pity. **Romilly** procured a softening of sentences upon prisoners; **Carey** founded the first Missionary Society, and **Raikes** the Sunday-school system; **Pounds** opened the first school for children in rags. A hundred and fifty years ago London people stared at the first man who walked in the street under an umbrella, but **Hanway** did nobler things than be first in doing that.

He **cared** for destitute orphans and friendless women; by pleading for milder punishments on offenders, he began a reform which has spread in

the world. John Howard got prisons made healthier and managed more kindly; he gave his life to such good work as that, and died of trying to fight a terrible disease, the plague. He began his good work in the Realm, but he carried it abroad.

"He visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to collect medals or manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken."

Laws must be kept, and Judges must be strict, but even the wisest of them may make mistakes, and there is room for mercy towards the condemned. Upon the police station at Perth appear the words, "This house loves peace, hates knaves, punishes crime, keeps the law, and honours goodness." Over the gateway of Dartmoor Prison appear two Latin words which mean "Spare the captive," and the chief London Law Court shows above its portal the words "Defend the poor," as well as "Punish the wrong-doer."

A rule for a fair fight is "Never hit a man when he is down." A prisoner is down, a slave is down; a slave was a kind of prisoner for life. It was people of our Race—Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, Clarkson—who led the way in abolishing slavery; British laws first declared it to be illegal; British money first bought negro slaves out of bondage.

Shaftesbury pointed out the duty of kindness

and aid towards animals as well as human beings; the first Society for the purpose was founded in the Realm, and the first laws against ill-treatment of animals were passed by the British Parliament. Wounded horses were tenderly cared for during the War.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Champions of Freedom

"Our land the first garden of Liberty's tree"

On Coronation Day a man in mail, called the King's Champion, used to ride his horse into Westminster Hall, dash down his gage, and challenge anybody to say that the new King had not been lawfully crowned.

We have had champions of a nation, such as **Owen Glendower, Wallace, Bruce, Arthur,** and **Alfred**; we have had many who helped to win or keep the liberties of our Race. Many of these died in battle, in prison, on the scaffold, or at the fiery stake. But what they did for us lives on, in our liberties. And they live in the home of the mind.

Freedom from foreign conquest is not everything; there must be personal freedom too. A free nation is a nation of people who are each of them free, under the laws. Therefore for hundreds of years ours has been known in the world as "the land of the free."

"It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose;
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will:

"A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

A precedent is something which was new at first, but became an example, and is repeated, until it becomes a rule of action in cases of a like kind; the meeting of the first Parliament formed a precedent. Bit by bit, "from precedent to precedent," our liberties have broadened down from the few to the many.

Our Race worked out its own way of being free, and this has been a precedent for foreign nations. We were the earliest to gain real liberty; the British Constitution, which is our way of ruling ourselves, has been praised by other nations and imitated by them to some extent. Our Parliament is called the Mother of Parliaments, because it was the first.

Magna Charta, the great charter of our liberties, was a precedent; a league under **Langton** and **Fitzwalter** stood up against the tyranny of a king, and they made him take oath not to deny justice, delay it, or falsify it to any man, nor sentence any man except after trial by a jury, and according to the law of the land.

Under King **Edward I** the precedent of a representative Parliament took place, and bit by bit the

franchise—the right of voting for Parliament—has been broadened down. By the Petition of Right, in the year 1628, King Charles I was compelled to agree that no man should be taxed except by order of Parliament; because he broke that undertaking, **Hampden, Pym, Cromwell** and others broke his power.

The Bill of Rights laid down the conditions on which William and Mary should be sovereigns; it declared that Justice must be pure, that Parliament must meet regularly, that people must freely choose members of Parliament, that no Army shall be kept up to overawe Parliament, and that no taxes shall be levied without Parliamentary authority.

The power of kings, barons, and churchmen used to be great, and the rights of the People small; but that has long been changed. Now the poorest of us is safe so long as he keeps the law, and if he is accused of breaking the law he must have a fair trial before he can be sentenced; by the law called Habeas Corpus it was settled that none must be kept in prison without a trial.

"In England every man's house is his castle; not that it is surrounded by walls and battlements; it may be a straw-built shed, every wind of heaven may enter it, but the King cannot, the King dare not." That was said by a great English statesman a hundred and sixty years ago.

It was true of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales also; it is true of the Empire. **Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, Canning, Peel, Grey, Palmerston, Gladstone, Bright** and others were champions of freedom. So

were Bradshaw, Coke, Somers and other judges, through the laws.

But there is something deeper than even this, something more powerful with us than the laws which register our liberty. Deepest and strongest of all has been a national love of rightness, truth, and fair play.

> "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
> And all are slaves beside."

Truth spreads truth; cunning could not much help the Germans in the War. Rightness widens rightness; our Race has been the champion of freedom in the world. What the British have done for freedom stands out as the model.

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
> In States unborn, and accents yet unknown!"

"Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are"—the first that in charity of mind and love of liberty set even the lowliest and the duskiest free.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Books by the Free

"They have written many noble books of wisdom"

In the writings of a free People one might expect to find the love of liberty expressed, and that is true of the books written by many of our Race.

But it is not all that can be said about our literature—that is, the books written in English.

Seventeen hundred years ago Scottish and Irish bards sang of battles and forays, and Welsh bards chanted of " Owen the generous warrior, slain at the ford " ; generosity in battle was a quality of the Race even then. Taliesin was a great Welsh poet.

The oldest poem in English is " The Wanderer," the man who goes forth into the wide world to abide here or there, according to the way he gets on. The spirit of travel was in our Race even then.

The oldest story-book in English tells how the hero Beowulf fought a sea-monster with his hands only, chivalrously using no sword, because the sea-monster had no sword to use against him ; even then it was an English way to fight fair, using no foul advantage.

In that old book you may read how, when Beowulf had been laid in a grave somewhere near Whitby, " round about his mound rode his hearth-sharers, who sang that he was the kindliest of men " ; to be kindly-hearted was a pattern for our Race even fifteen hundred years ago.

Gentle good manners are written into our Literature, and through all the best books in English runs a sense of what is kindly, generous, and fair. There is a passion for what is splendidly right and nobly good ; there is also patriotism. Worship and faith in God have inspired many of our writers ; the greatest book of prose in the world is the English translation of the Bible.

In nearly all English books, even the oldest, there

is a feeling of the inner life. The call of religion, the duty of truth and honour, the beauty of reverence, and the right of thought, are taught in them, often. "Hold the high path, and let thy spirit lead thee" was written in English six hundred years ago.

If all the books in the world could be gathered together in one vast library, arranged in order of date, it would be seen that good English books are rather older than good books in French or Italian, and much older than good books in German or Russian; in writing the mother-tongue our early authors led the way. For beauty and musical metre, variety and feeling, English poetry is the best in the world.

The poetry most widely read is Shakespeare's: he was the best of play-writers; if we think of great poets as stars, Shakespeare shines brighter than any other. He was the most patriotic of poets, too; in the great Englishmen of his plays he "mixed all the lighter and graver good qualities of the national character, the same buoyant and fearless mastery of fate or fortune, the same gladness and glory of life made lovely with labour and laughter."

But in Milton also our Race produced a great patriotic poet, the "third among the sons of light," whose writings are like organ-music, grand and grave. Milton was full of faith in liberty, justice, and righteousness; he was a reformer, angry at evil, but full of pride in his country. He, more than any earlier author turned our Literature towards seeking the right and condemning the wrong, with love of liberty

Because of this native freedom our Literature has

been original, not imitating the books of ancient Greece and Rome; it has belonged to our Race. Because of native faith and worship, **Bunyan**, a man little educated, could write the most remarkable of all allegories or tales with an inner meaning; the "Pilgrim's Progress" has been more read than any other English book all over the world, in eighty-five different languages.

In "Robinson Crusoe," **Defoe** wrote the adventure-book which is most widely known. Long ago, when it was hardly fifty years printed, a French poet said that "'Robinson Crusoe' was the first book I ever read with delight, and I believe every boy in Europe could say the same." We have also had other authors, of other kinds of books, who stand foremost of all.

The most famous of diaries, or accounts of one's daily doings, was written by **Pepys**. The best biography, or account of the life and doings of another, was written by **Boswell**, the life of **Dr. Johnson**. In "Gulliver's Travels" **Swift** wrote the most famous book of imaginary voyages and the fiercest of satires. Of all writers of essays, or reflections about people and life, the merriest and pleasantest was **Charles Lamb**. **Goldsmith** was another delightful writer much read abroad.

The poet of our Race best known in Europe, next to Shakespeare, was **Byron**, but we have had greater poets than he. **Wordsworth** taught how to see the inner spirit in Nature and in the common things of life; **Spenser** and **Shelley** are the English poets whom we most delight to study. **Keats** sang of beauty and rightness, **Tennyson** wrote of King Arthur,

"the very perfect gentle Knight." **Chaucer** was the earliest great English poet.

Robert Burns was the most intensely national of song-writers; "**Wherever men of British blood give vent to their deepest, kindliest, most genial feelings, it is to the songs of Burns they turn.**" **Moore** wrote his pleasant songs for Ireland. **Campbell** was our best war poet. The most famous writer of romances was **Sir Walter Scott**, and **Dickens** was the best known of our novelists all over the world.

Among famous authors on politics and the science of government, **Adam Smith** and **Burke** stand foremost. **Napier** was our best military historian. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by **Gibbon**, is one of the great books of History. **Thackeray**, who always showed the beauty of virtue and the ugliness of vice, **Macaulay**, and other famous authors, have helped to make our Literature one of the chief glories of our Race.

CHAPTER XL

Three Great Men of Science

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night"

ONCE, when the sun was setting, a British traveller asked some Arabs in the desert what became of that red ball at night. They said that it died; they believed that a new sun was born each morning.

That was guess-work, of course. Guess-work is not science—it is not even knowledge. Knowledge

is the raw stuff of science ; science studies knowledge. People can know of a thing without understanding it ; but science tries to *understand*. Science is knowledge arranged understandingly ; science results in exact knowledge understood.

Three of the greatest men of science who ever lived were born in England. Francis Bacon has been called "the first of those that know." He taught the study of the facts of Nature. Inside a fact is the meaning of the fact ; Bacon taught that science should study that, and he showed the way in which such study might best go on.

The second of these three greatest scientific thinkers was Sir Isaac Newton: he may be called the greatest of all men of science. A famous Frenchman wrote that "If all the geniuses of the world could meet together, Newton should be their Prince." He worked upon knowledge ; Bacon had found out a few facts about the laws of motion, but Newton discovered by what law the stars and planets move.

As Newton sat in a garden an apple fell from a tree, and the story goes that it fell on his head, making him jump. Another man might have rubbed his head awhile, and then have thought no more about the matter. But Newton began to study why the apple fell. Why, when it left the twig, did it not move upwards, or sideways, instead of down ?

Stars, planets, and moons move ; why do they move around, or sideways, instead of downwards, as we call it ? Newton's thoughts about this "passed the flaming bounds of space and time,"

searching into a great mystery of the heavens; by studying he discovered the Law of Gravitation. Things fall towards, not merely downwards; an apple falls earthward because the Earth draws the apple towards it; in a similar way the Sun draws the Earth, and the Earth draws the Moon.

Newton thus made the greatest of all discoveries ever made in the science of astronomy. The Law of Gravitation explains the motion of planets and their moons; it enables the paths of comets to be calculated, it weighs the stars, measures the cause of tides, and aids in making measurements at sea—a great help to our seafaring Race; understanding the law of Gravitation has been the key to many of Nature's doors.

Charles Darwin discovered the chief law yet known about living things. How and why are there so many kinds of animals, insects, birds, plants? Why and how are there so many varieties of each kind? Darwin wrote that "it is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with plants of many kinds, with birds singing in the bushes, with various insects crawling through the damp earth." He showed how these different forms can have been produced.

It is part of the fame of our Race that Bacon, Newton, and Darwin changed the thoughts of men of science all over the world. Harvey and Lister, medical men, were also renowned discoverers. Health, comfort, convenience, and national wealth are increased by science. It is patriotic to study well; in that way you can be a patriot at school.

CHAPTER XLI

Contrivers and Makers

"They have sought out many inventions"

ON the floor of the House of Lords lies a low settee, stuffed with wool; it is called the Woolsack. There have been Woolsacks in the House of Lords for hundreds of years, since the days when wool was our chief staple of trade.

We were not the earliest of trading and manufacturing Peoples, but we have developed into the greatest; British craftsmen, long famous for their skill, have shown a turn for invention; British manufacturers and merchants have shown energy and enterprise. This has strengthened the Realm and helped the Empire; business can be made patriotic.

It has been said that "whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country" than other men. The inventors of improved ploughs, McCormack who produced a reaping-machine, and experimenters in farming such as Young and Lawes, have been patriots in that way. Country boys who love their native villages, and work on the neighbouring land when they grow up, give their country much help.

The ploughman can be a patriot by doing his work well; so can the horse-keeper, the butter-maker,

the poultry-keeper, the hedger and ditcher. During the War we found out our need of more home-grown food. It was patriotic to cultivate an allotment. In future we must honour agriculture more and practise it more within the Realm, making fuller use of the soil, and thinking better of village life and country labour.

Town life and manufacturing will have to go on, of course, and skilful craftsmanship anywhere is patriotic. **Lombe**, who built the first silk-mill, was a patriot; so was **Lee**, who made the first stocking-frame or knitting machine; so was **Hargreaves**, who invented the spinning-jenny, a machine by which the amount of yarn that could be spun by one pair of hands was multiplied.

A barber named **Arkwright** devised the first spinning-frame, and a weaver named **Crompton** made the first spinning-mule machine, which turned out more yarn, and stronger, finer yarns than the older spinning-jenny could produce; a clergyman named **Cartwright** invented the power-loom for weaving cloth, linen, and calico; **Heathcoat**, a stockinger, devised the lace machine, and **Levers** improved it.

These inventors were patriots; without them, the spinning and weaving industries of Great Britain and Ireland could not have been developed into sources of national wealth. But all those early machines were driven by water-wheels, and it is part of the renown of our Race that it was Britons who first made use of steam in manufactures.

Without steam-power machinery could not have been used on a vast scale, and without coal there

could have been but little steam-power. Let us therefore remember as patriots Savory and Newcomen, who invented pumps to withdraw water from flooded coal-mines, and Davy, who provided miners with a lamp that might be safely used in pits which contained explosive fire-damp.

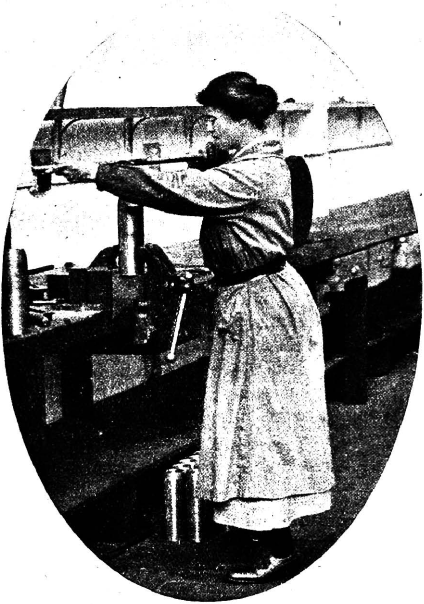
Watt produced a workable steam engine which could drive machinery, and thus he gave us energy. "I sell," he said, "what all the world desires to have—power!" The next need was to develop a steam engine that could travel; Trevethick helped, and George Stephenson succeeded in that.

Nearly three hundred years before then, horse tramways had been used in England for conveying coal-trucks from the pits to the ports; but Stephenson harnessed steam to them, and thus became "the father of railways." As you watch an express train thunder through a railway station you may think with pride that railways and steam travel have been one of our nation's great gifts to the world.

When Bell and Symington applied the steam engine to ships, swift ocean traffic could begin. Harrison devised the first chronometer or exact clock for use at sea. Long ago Roger Bacon had invented the magnifying glass which led to the telescope and helped navigation, and to the microscope, which has been the chief tool of science. Smeaton improved the smelting of iron; Nasmyth devised the steam-hammer for use in forges. Bessemer improved the making of steel.

Next came the use of electrical power, which Faraday made possible. Cooke and Wheatstone devised the electric telegraph, and Bell the first

telephone. **Rowland Hill** suggested penny postage. These and many other men, the patriots of Invention,



IN THE MACHINE-SHOP

deserve the praise of the Race to which they belonged and of the world which they benefited.

Great manufacturers, too, the men of business who turned inventions to practical account, were patriotic; they have been called "Captains of Industry." A hundred and fifty years ago **Wedgwood** was one of these; he made first-class pottery and provided cleanly plates and dishes for general use at prices not too costly.

There is thus a patriotism of Business. Manufacturers, workmen, merchants, and shop-keepers are patriotic when they insist on excellent quality in their wares. "Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are," and never be ashamed of trade or employment in a workshop. Honest and skilful toil is a way of fighting for your country; a War of Trade is always going on.

There is also a patriotism of Agriculture: stock-raising, dairy-farming, poultry-keeping; what more needful national service can there be than the growing of good food? It is not wise for a nation that people should think themselves happy or important only when living in towns. In the old "Merry England" country, life was as happy as it was healthy; and so it may be again.

CHAPTER XLII

Scouts and Pioneers

"To the lonely sea and sky"

I REMEMBER three boys in a punt turning out of a river, scouting up a little brook, into the unknown, and coming at last to a pool in a shadowy forest, a

place all hushed and strange. We thought we had come into a new land! Our early discoverers enjoyed themselves like that.

They had a love of risk and a relish for adventure; it is a quality of our Race; we have been great gipsies always, smitten with the wander-fever. As if they were schoolboys on a jaunt, our pioneers scouted off into parts unknown. They did this for the joy of it, and the danger seemed delightful; we can think of many of them with a tender laughter and a merry pride.

For over the universal sea they set out with such a comical courage, and sailed in ships so absurdly small. They ventured so far, they were so gay in face of perils; a wild journey in a tiny bark was fun to them; to track up a mysterious river in South America was "a lark." They were hungry for adventure and action; they enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, and they made the solemn Spaniards stare so, at the daring things they did.

Most of the world of sea and land was mysterious in those days. The earliest travellers abroad had brought back strange tales, "of the cannibals that each other eat, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" of how in one country "the Elephants do continually war with the Dragons there." Everywhere outside Europe there were "wild men," the stories said; in one country there were "monstrous men shaped like dogs;" and the Atlantic was thought to be haunted by monsters and demons.

In the year 1370 an English traveller told of "the land of Cathay, where groweth a manner of fruit as great as gourds, and when it is ripe they open it,

and find therein a beast with flesh and blood and bone, and it is like to a lamb without wool." Gallantly the little ships winged out like sea-birds, and gaily our scouts and pioneers went off to see such marvels themselves.

Others set out to gain wealth by trading, selling abroad, and cheaply buying goods there worth twenty times as much in London; we still talk of what we will do "when my ship comes in," laden with goods that enrich. Other adventurers meant to make themselves wealthy all of a sudden by capturing Spanish galleons full of jewels, big lumps of gold and silver, doubloons and "pieces of eight"; these were buccaneers and pirates often, men of crime and shame.

In those days the British were said to be "the fiercest nation on earth," and they did many ill deeds, though chiefly against the Spaniards, who were then no better than pirates themselves. Other adventurers shamefully enriched themselves in the slave trade. But many of our men went venturing for the glee of it, sailing over wild wastes of water, under stars unknown at home; discovering new lands, boating up great rivers, and opening up markets for trade.

In a ship not so big as a submarine, Drake and his companions sailed down the Atlantic, passed the wild Straits of Magellan, coasted Chile, Peru, and California, crossed the Pacific and Indian Oceans, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the Atlantic, and thus made the circuit of the world.

Not all the scouts returned home. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's little ship, the *Squirrel,* went down in a terrible storm. A sailor on the *Hind,* the companion

bark, told how Sir Humphrey cried cheerily through the storm "to us on the *Hind*, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.' The same night the frigate's lights went out." The *Squirrel* was a "frigate" of only ten tons.

Our pioneers were staunch comrades, too. "Jack's as good as his master" has been a saying with us for centuries; it has often reminded an officer that he must show himself as good a man as Jack. Drake rebuked a coxcomb thus: "Away with the gentleman that can refuse to put his hand to a rope! Nay, I must have the gentleman adventurers haul and draw with the mariners."

An admiral's men used to say, "He never orders us to do anything he won't do himself." Because Jack and his commanders worked together, in difficulty or danger, the men would fight against any odds, and follow wherever the officers led.

"Follow thee? Follow thee? Who would not follow thee?
Long thou hast loved and trusted us fairly!"

was what they felt, though "Ay, ay, sir," was all they said.

CHAPTER XLIII

Planting Colonies

"Adam and Eve did first begin this innocent work"

OUR best pioneers did more than scout; they colonised. We were not the earliest colonisers; but people of our Race, bold and self-reliant, have made the

best emigrants, and more than any other colonies ours have thriven and grown.

Many early emigrants from the Realm went abroad for the sake of religion, so that they might be free in a new land to worship God in the way they thought best. "No person within this Province shall be in any wise troubled because of his religion," was the first law made in the early colony of Maryland; our emigrants became pioneers of freedom for the soul.

To early settlers elsewhere this message went from England: "Let it not be grievous unto you that you break the ice for others; the honour shall be yours to the world's end." People of our Race "broke the ice" and made a path for others the world all over, those days; though they could seldom be cheered by messages from home. Perhaps once a year sails might be seen from the port of a colony, far and faint, like sea-birds' wings, upon the water; ocean-going ships then were few.

Therefore our early settlers were lonesome often, but they kept up their hearts. The "Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda" is an affecting poem of the time, which tells how they cheered themselves amidst the utter loneliness of the Atlantic:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied.
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening waves received this song.

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown
And yet far kinder than our own?"

In the island at home they had been persecuted, yet they remembered the old home and the people left behind, with love. There were no ocean-liners then, no cable-telegrams, no mail-boats with regular letters from the people left behind: the tiny isles of Bermuda were lost in an awful vastness of sea and sky. Yet the song was all thankfulness and hope:

> "Thus sang they in the English boat
> A holy and a cheerful note.
> And all the way, to guide their chime,
> With falling oars they kept the time."

They were steadfast and cheerful; they held on, held fast, and held out.

Napoleon said that the British soldiers never knew when they were beaten; because they did not become scared, they held on unto victory. It was so with our early emigrants; because their boldness and their hope endured, the seeds which they planted could be tended and grow into greatness. Whether using sword or spade, the way of our Race has been to keep on using it, till difficulties pass away or enemies tire out.

Proudly we may think of our past, but providently we must think of our future. It was patriotic of our pioneers and settlers to think of what should come after them, and what Flag their new land was to fly when they were gone; it will be patriotic of us if we work faithfully for the next generation of our Race.

"Ye rigid ploughmen, bear in mind
Your labour is for future hours;
Advance, spare not, nor look behind!
Plough deep and straight, with all your powers!"

"Let it not be grievous to ye that ye break the ice for others;" that is the way in which the new Britains were opened up, and the Greater Britain of the Empire began to be. Colony making—what splendid work for the world, as well as for the Realm and Empire!

Let us praise sturdy emigrants who hew roads through ancient forests, bridge torrents, drain swamps, plant fields, build towns, rear "cattle on a thousand hills," and over mountain ranges and vast plains tend millions of sheep. Think proudly of the triumphs of your Race in its long struggle with the emptiness and desolation of the uttermost parts of the world.

CHAPTER XLIV

Toiling and Trading

*"Great is the land that somewhat best
Works, to the wonder of the rest"*

THE first International Exhibition of manufactures was held at London in the year 1851. A great House of Glass arose in Hyde Park; removed to Sydenham, it was called the Crystal Palace.

This display of goods from many nations showed that in skill of toil and success of manufacture the People of the Realm stood first; they had won the

battle of trade; they were victors in working and making. In the pride of that this song was heard:

"Look yonder where the engines toil;
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these!

"Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas."

But we had had a long start in the race for trade. Three hundred years before, in 1551, a "Company of Merchant Adventurers for the Discovery of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknown" had been formed at London, but not for discovery only. The object was trade; two ship captains, Willoughby and Chancellor, were sent with cargoes of goods to sell in China and India.

During three hundred years the skill and toil of our workmen, the genius of inventors, and the enterprise of manufacturers, made or kept the Realm supreme in trade and industries. Then we began to lose that position; the long battle seemed to be turning against us, people in Germany and the United States were catching up with us in the race.

They cared more than we did for thought and exact knowledge, for the practical use of science, and for new ideas; many of them toiled harder or longer than we did, and they toiled with a will to win. We rested more than they did, and such rest is a right and a boon for the body; but we let our minds

rest so much, too, that we seemed to be going to sleep.

It is a defect of character to reject new ideas and suspect new things just because they are novel, but that is especially a British way. If we wish to remain the best craftsmen, engineers, manufacturers and traders in the world we must study more, and more study what to do. There can be delight in that; part of the wonderful, abounding interest of living lies in the doing of work supremely well.

Leisure, sport, and pleasure are not the best joys of life. Pleasure as well as profit, joy as well as pride, come from working splendidly. To work our best is patriotic; it helps the home and the Homeland. Good work can hardly be done with hands or machines alone; the mind must help at everything. We must try to be more thoughtful and more imaginative over our work; then we shall be more eager, and have more pleasure, when working.

How exciting it is to think of searching for hidden treasure, left there by pirates in some island long ago! But treasure can anywhere be found by people who enjoy work. Romance and excitement can dwell in trading, the adventure of going ahead in your business! The splendid chance of becoming the best worker at your kind of labour! The treasure of pleasure that lies waiting for you in toil! Work can be joy and fun.

No idle person is a patriot, but toil is patriotic indeed. "Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; waving his wonder-working hand, those dreary valleys smile with

golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes, the anvil rings, the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears, the mart of commerce, the halls of science, the

WOMAN RAILWAY PORTER DURING THE WAR

temples of religion, lift their fronts; a forest of masts arises from the harbour."

To gain riches is not the chief thing. It is important to learn how to earn a livelihood, but the chief

thing is to learn how to live. The people who live most and best are those who are most interested in their work when at work, and most full of thought about it. Laziness is not enjoyment ; lazy and sluggish folk are only partly alive.

There is joy and pride in " getting on in the world," and we must never be too content. " There is constant improvement only where there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied we should cease to contrive, labour, and provide." But merely to be discontented is useless, and to expect other people to help us to become better off, we doing nothing, is foolish. Out of our discontent must come better efforts by ourselves, if out of our efforts more content for us is to come.

Whether we work in shirtsleeves or a black coat does not much matter ; there is dignity as well as joy in every kind of hard work well done. In one way, the man who works with his hands is more free than others ; he can take his valued work abroad, he can emigrate ; all over the world there are chances for his labour ; he can explore the world of work.

Emigration can be patriotic ; it is most patriotic when emigrants go from the Realm to some part of the Empire, remaining British and under the same Flag. Many broad lands beneath the Union Jack still need more settlers. The best part in the patriotism of the Germans was that they all worked together ; so must we in the Empire and the Realm, we

" Sons of Shannon, Tamar, Trent,
Men of the Lothians, men of Kent,

Essex, Wessex, shire and shire,
Mates of the net, the mine, the fire,
Lads of desk, and wheel, and loom,
Noble and trader, squire and groom."

The whole world of work became opened to girls and women during the War, but work in the home is perhaps the most honourable work that women do. All toil is honourable, however; there is something reverent in honest labour; it has been said that "to labour is to pray."

A famous author, Stevenson, prayed that he and his family might "play the man" and do their work "with laughter and kind faces." To do good work splendidly is a delight to the worker. To work well is usually to live well, and to live long.

CHAPTER XLV

Empire Pathfinders

" . . . fondly stray
Over the hills and far away"

In the year 1581 a small ship, the *Golden Hind*, came home and up the Thames to Deptford; it waited there, one memorable day; on deck stood a short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man.

"His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet-head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short, square face, the broad temples, the thick lips which are yet as firm

as granite. When he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him—for his name is Francis Drake."

And then down-stream from her Palace came the great Queen Elizabeth—"Gloriana," as she was called—borne in a gilded barge to board the *Golden Hind* and do Drake honour. There on the deck of the first English ship that had gone around the world the Queen knighted Drake, "the first great sailing Admiral the world ever saw."

He had dared adventure and visited romance; he had sailed into the vast Unknown and come back safely. His *Golden Hind* was worn out by the long voyage; but again and again he set forth; three times he sailed round the world. Not all our explorers, by sea or land, had such good fortune as Drake; many of them failed in their enterprises or died on the return. But these must not miss their meed of praise.

We must remember the name of **Hawkins**, in connection with the West Indies, though it was he who began the negro slave-trade. We must think of **Hudson**, **Frobisher**, **Davis** and **Baffin**, who, seeking a way to India by the North of America, reached parts of the icy Arctic which now bear their names. We must not forget **Parry**, **Franklin** and **McClintock**, Arctic explorers who came later. **Raleigh**, who searched for "El Dorado," the Land of Gold, and found Guiana, was an architect of Empire for our Race.

Captain **Cook** arrived at the other coast of North America, to add to the Empire what is now British Columbia. At nine years of age he was a ship-boy

on a collier, but he studied navigation, added science to labour, and he rose. He was sent to explore the southern seas; he surveyed and mapped New Zealand, sailed to Australia, and under the name of New South Wales brought the Island Continent under our Flag.

Bass in an open boat searched for the Strait which now bears his name. The voyages of **Flinders** mapped the outline of Australia. **Hume** and **Sturt** went inland there; **Eyre** toiled through six hundred miles of arid land, all alone; **Burke, Wills** and others died in the effort to cross Australia from sea to sea; **Stuart** succeeded in that great piece of exploration.

Backwoodsmen, forest scouts, and fur traders opened up inland Canada and its Far West. Seamen and traders were our explorers in West Africa; often they gave up their lives, in regions unhealthy for white men:

> "Beware, take care of the Bight of Benin,
> Where for one that comes out there are
> forty stay in."

Missionaries ventured into inland Africa, though as teachers and preachers, not as Empire pioneers.

Livingstone, missionary and explorer, said, "I will open a path through the country, or perish." He opened up Central South Africa, discovered Lake Ngami, traced the Zambesi river, found Lake Nyassa and the Congo river, reached Lake Tanganyika, and died upon his knees. **Stanley** sailed Lake Nyanza, opened up Uganda, and filled in great blanks on the African map. **Speke** discovered the sources of the Nile.

Livingstone's monument is in Westminster Abbey, which, like St. Paul's Cathedral, forms a shrine of immortality for people of our Race. "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!" Nelson said. The desire for fame after death inspired many of our heroes, and when duty has been splendidly done, fame is a worthy reward:

> "Not once or twice in our rough Island story,
> The path of duty was the way to glory."

But our navigators, explorers, and pioneers had rewards during their lifetime too; they had the joy of adventure, the delight of coming into regions till then unknown; they knew the value of their work in laying bare the long hidden face of the land and the form of the sea.

And these were patriots. So have their successors been. As the relief ship neared the *Aurora*, an Antarctic exploration ship, the first message flashed from the ship that had been lost amidst the southern icelands for seventeen months was, "Is all well with the old country?" We have to watch that all shall be well.

CHAPTER XLVI

Empire Architects and Builders

"The best is yet to be"

An architect plans a house, a builder erects it; but no house is perfect at first. By planning and trying, toiling and amending, during centuries, our Race

has built up the Realm and Empire, but it is far from perfect yet.

We, too, must learn to plan and build, so wisely and usefully that the defects in the great mansion of our Race may be improved away. We can help to do this by thinking and suggesting; by keeping an open mind, not shut to new thoughts and plans.

"All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

"Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

Whatever our particular piece or kind of work may be, if we do it thoroughly well, in the spirit of duty and patriotism, not greedily or selfishly, we shall help to build better and greater the future of our Realm and Empire. The foundations of our House are not quarrelling and fighting, but peace, justice, freedom and trade.

It has been said that "Trade follows the Flag," which means that conquest brings business into the market, but that was the German idea; it may be said more truly that our Flag has often followed our trade.

By trading our Empire in the East began. We have been called "a nation of shop-keepers," but there is nothing to be ashamed of in keeping a good

shop; our business has gained us much of our vast domain.

In the year 1601 our **East India Company** "of Merchants in London trading to the East Indies" sent the small *Red Dragon* and three other ships off to Persia, Java, India, China, and Japan. The business of "John Company," as this was sometimes called, was to sell British wares well, and buy Eastern goods cheaply, but its affairs did not long stop at that. For "**the Company began in commerce and ended in empire—it gained a dominion and became a Power.**"

"To get lands and revenues will make **us a nation in India**" the Company's servants were told. They built great warehouses—factories, they were called—and thus gained footholds in the vast peninsula. They hired native police to guard the warehouses; these police soon became a kind of soldiers, and then grew into armies; and thus, without the Realm ever planning it, our acquirement of India began.

The factory at Surat, for instance, was a great building of stone and timber, housing forty persons—the president, the merchants, factors, "writers" (or book-keepers), and the apprentices. Meals were all taken in company, the plates and cups being silver, and the Sunday dinner consisted of "deer and antelopes, peacocks, hares and partridges, Persian fruits, plums, apricots, and cherries." They had "curious Persian or Arabian horses of State, rich in their trappings and gallantly equipped"; and barges, "rowed by English mariners in coats with badges."

Clive, a young "writer," turned soldier when there was a need for soldiers, and led the Company's troops against the armies with which native kings threatened the English. With but 600 men he won the battle of Arcot; with but 3,000 he defeated 60,000 at Plassey, his casualties being only 72. Clive was brave, cool, and ready; he soon became known as "the daring in war"; and in these victories of his our mastery in India began.

Warren Hastings, a "writer" at first, built upon what Clive had planned. He spread the power of the Company until he was in all but name a great ruler, giving laws and maintaining peace in a country wider than any European nation owned at that time. The Company's dominion in India thus became so vast and important that it had to be taken over by the Crown, and then our long line of statesmen there began.

As Governors-General and Viceroys, **Wellesley, Dalhousie, Cornwallis, Ripon** and **Elgin** are to be remembered, among others. They were statesmen or soldiers; and their truth, wisdom, and justice made firm our rule. "**Valour and intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Empire than veracity. We have gained by being the one Power in India on whose word reliance could be placed.**" Such is the reward of keeping troth.

In the year 1670 a Royal grant of Canadian land was made to the Hudson Bay Company, and trading stations were established for the Company's traffic in furs. When Canada developed, difficulties arose which the statesmanship of **Lord Durham** did much

to smooth away. **Wakefield**, who studied the science of colonising, **Lord Strathcona** and **Sir John Macdonald**, who helped to build that Imperial highway, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and **Thompson**, "the greatest practical land-surveyor," were Empire architects and builders too.

In Australasia the best remembered builders of the Empire were **Phillips**, **Arthur**, **Macquarie** and **Sir George Grey**. In the Imperial history of South Africa the names of **Cecil Rhodes**, a great Empire architect, **General Botha**, and **General Smuts** stand out. In Egypt and the Soudan the work of **General Gordon**, **Lord Cromer**, and **Lord Kitchener** built the Empire up.

Among Imperial statesmen—men at home in Parliament who guided the development of the Empire—**Pitt**, **Beaconsfield**, **Rosebery** and **Chamberlain** deserve special mention, but under all British Governments the Empire has grown.

CHAPTER XLVII

Beauty and Art

"The painter's hand of wonder"

An architect ought to be an artist, a builder ought to love beauty in his work; ugliness is hurtful, it is unpatriotic to do or to make what is ugly or coarse. Artists have helped on the Realm and the Empire; we ought to love art and appreciate it more than we

do. We do not care enough for beauty and tastefulness yet.

The famous picture of "The Fighting *Téméraire* Tugged to her Last Berth" shows a fine old man-of-war that often had fought upon the seas, being towed up river to a shipyard, there to be broken up. Better than words can do, the picture tells the story; never more will the grand old vessel be valiant in battle; her days are done.

"The old 'Téméraire' is dragged to her last home by a little spiteful steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as was never painted before.

"The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume of smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water around it; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it) slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship." The painter of this picture, Turner, was perhaps our greatest artist; his representations of sea and sky are one of the glories of British art.

Better and more than the painters born in any other country, our artists have pictured the sea, the coasts, and shipping; it was men of our Race who invented the best chanteys for sailors, and the best ballads about the sea. Turner loved to paint pictures of the sea, but he was also the finest of all painters of land scenes, though other British artists have been great landscape painters, and it is men

of our Race, such as **Wilson** and **Cox**, who have been best at depicting rivers, valleys, woods, and hills.

In water-colour painting our artists have shown themselves supreme; water-colour painting may be called a British art. We can also claim that the best large portraits of women and children, and the best small portraits of men, have been done by artists belonging to our Race; better than any other painters of portraits, ours have known how to show the grace in the manner or the character in the looks.

Cooper, who painted small portraits of Oliver Cromwell and other men of that time, was known as "the most famous limner in the world for a face"; **Cosway** was the most renowned of painters in miniature, for portraits of ladies. **Gainsborough** and **Sir Joshua Reynolds** painted famous portraits of graceful women, lovely children, and able men. Thus in landscapes and portraits our artists have led the modern world.

Constable, a painter of English rural scenery, was greatly honoured in France, a country where people care for art and understand it more than people do here. We had one great sculptor, **Stevens**, but little notice was taken of his work while he was alive. Artists are too little valued; one of the ways in which we can help to improve our country is by getting to understand art and to employ artists more than we do.

Just as we have had very original authors of books, so there have been singular and original artists

born in our Race. **Hogarth** was one of them; **Blake** was another. Blake was a poet among painters, who pictured his dreams. Like Milton, Blake was a patriot who thought of his country as holy, and longed for London to be made a Jerusalem, a city of God. "I will not cease from mental fight," he wrote:

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

There is beauty in our Home-lands, and artists who help us to see that loveliness do patriotic work. There is beauty in our ancient cathedrals and churches, where, as in our chapels, the beauty of hymn-singing has been loved for hundreds of years. Nowhere can better music be heard; our choirs and glee-parties are famed for their sweet voices.

Gibbons, Purcell, and others excellently composed sacred songs; in **Sullivan** we had the best of all writers of merry opera music. No country produced such sweet, pleasant old ballads as ours in the past. But we do not sufficiently care for, understand, and love fine art and good music in the present.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Patriots Unknown

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more"

WE have now praised famous men and women of our Race by name, though only some of them; to name all the others would almost fill this book. The biggest of books could not hold the names of our other patriots, men and women who lived well and worked well, unnoticed; but these, too, must share the Home in the mind and heart.

Coal falls from our ships as they ply along the trade routes of the ocean, and if the seas were dried, dark lines of coal and cinders would map the ocean floor. Bones of pioneers, explorers, emigrants, and travelling traders of our Race lie like that under water, and along all the land tracks too; the bones of many millions, worthy people of our Race, rest in graveyards at home.

Shall these be forgotten? Most of us will live and die as they did, probably—honest patriots but not "famous to all ages." They ploughed or planed, weaved, shod, or kept shop; or on our battlefields they died in the ranks, as brave as any Field-Marshal. The music of Patriotism was in them, and something of what they sang still lingers in the air.

Some people are born to riches and fame; others are born with special qualities, of hand and head,

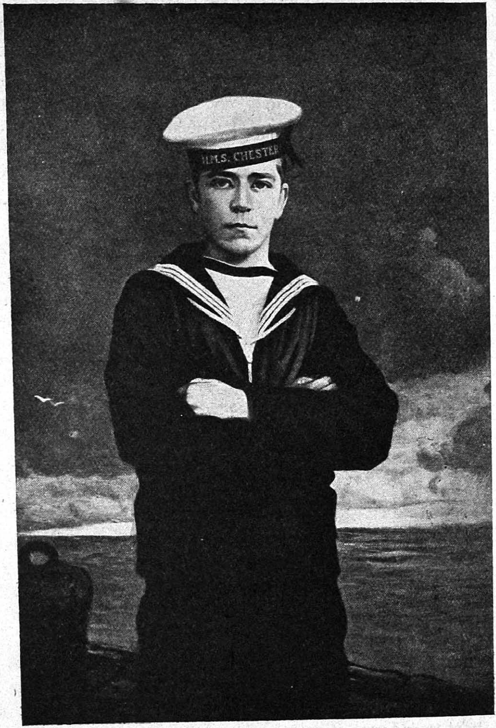
of skill and power. These lead and plan; the millions follow and build; the honest, unknown, quiet patriots of our Race in the past have built our foundations and walls.

At St. Paul's an inscription in memory of Wren, the architect, says, "If you wish to see his monument, look around," which means that the great cathedral itself stands as proof of how well he planned. But the masons, carpenters, hod-carriers, and others helped; they had their share in that great deed. They died, and are forgotten; but what they did remains.

"In dust decayed, the hands are gone
That fed and set the builders on:
In heedless dust the fingers lie
That hewed and heaved the stones on high;
But undecayed, erect, and fair,
To Heaven ascends the builded Prayer."

Jack Cornwell, V.C., was a sailor-boy who served his gun to the last, dying at his post. His old school is proud of his memory, and he was a pattern; but your school sent many "old boys" to the War, and they, too, did their duty; shall we not keep their memory warm in our hearts?

Gratefully think, not of the famous only, but also the rank and file, and the myriad boy officers, who died for your country, and fell that you might stand. "Some there be that have no memorial, and are perished as if they had never been. Yet their righteousness shall not be forgotten. Their



JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C.

(From the painting by Fred Elwell. By permission of the Fine Arts Publishing Co., Ltd.)

Race shall stand for ever, their deeds shall not be blotted out."

The heart will remember them, if our hearts are worthy—worthy of what our unknown patriots did. Each day in Japan the praise of ancestors is uttered: "Ye forefathers of our families, unto ye, the founders of our homes, we speak the gladness of our thanks." But we have more to be grateful for than the Japanese have, so we must not forget our dead.

"Consider what Nation it is whereof ye are," and be proud to be patriots in your turn; even if you are not to be famous, fame shall live for you in the renown of your Race.

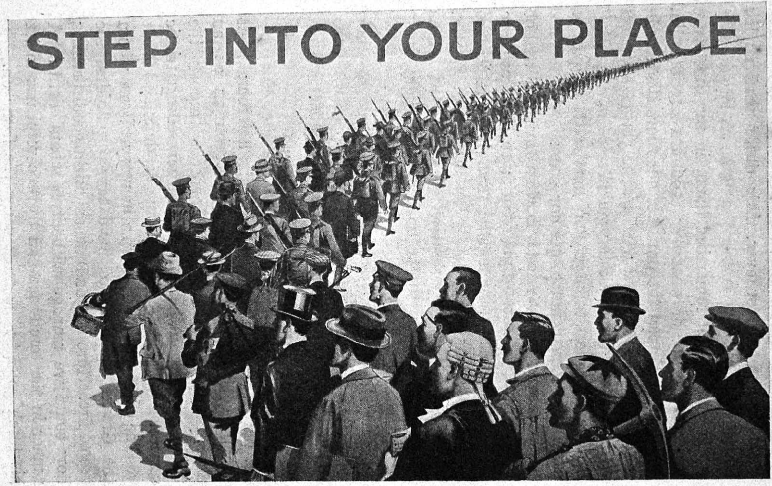
CHAPTER XLIX

From School to the City

"Keen as are the arrows"

An old Greek coin shows a lad with a torch; he is running the torch-race keenly. Beginning at an altar, a place of devotion, he speeds through the twilight towards Athens the city, a place for patriotic service.

The altar was built to the memory of one whom the Greeks supposed to have taught mankind the use of fire. Fire is a bad master but a good servant; how could we manage without heat and light? A runner in the torch-race had to be careful not to let his torch go out; he must carry the flame on.


STEP INTO YOUR PLACE

If he tired he must not give up until he had handed the torch to another runner; as long as he could he must run his best, and then hand on the duty to a successor. This is a parable; you have to take up the torch of Patriotism, out of hands that fail through age or feebleness; and you are to carry it on till you become old and feeble yourself.

The aged and wearied may rest with honour, if they have run the race as long and as well as they could. But you may not rest with honour, not yet. You, too, must take your turn and do your part. You must train for the race, too; this book is to help you to do that. You may train for the race at school, for your school is a kind of torch. A school is a lamp to the mind, and its light must be carried on.

Some day you will leave school and go to work in the city or on a farm; but the school will keep on. It will keep on for the sake of newcomers, youngsters who in their turn will wear the badge and sing the song of your school. They will not see the footmarks which you have left in the playground, but marks by all the past scholars have been left behind them there.

Some of them did honour to your school; some did not. Will you do it honour, or shame? What you do with your grown-up life will be known and felt at your old school. "Old boys, or "old girls," go back there sometimes; if as citizens and patriots they have done well, how proud the school is of them! They ran the torch-race keenly and kept the light alive.

"When you are gone, and in your place
Is seen another, newer face;
When from the list drops out your name,
And where your footfalls went and came
You are forgotten; all the same,
When you are gone,

"Still, in the never-ending race,
If only for a little space
You bore the torch and fanned the flame,
And passed it on, undimmed by shame,
Your labour Time shall not efface
When you are gone."

A runner gets "a stitch in the side" sometimes, or has to wait for his "second wind"; there are "false starts," too; but these can be remedied. Try and try again; it is never easy to run the race of Patriotism well. But the very pains and weariness are part of the duty; in spite of them you must run as keenly and as well as you can.

Think of all the others, who ran the race before you; they had their pains and troubles, but they carried on.

"Seeing then that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Care little about the prizes or the praise; it is reward enough that you were born in your country and no other, and that you have such a "cloud of witnesses" as ours. There are "points" about a

good racer; in this book you have read of the good "points" of your nation. Be a good runner of the British race.

CHAPTER L

The Patriot City

"My country, city of the soul"

PLATO at Athens stood watching a torch-race, long ago. He and his companions saw the distant lights grow brighter; soon they heard the thud of swift feet; and then the panting runners dashed by, into the city, through the stately gateway in the city wall.

They had reached a place of duty and service. To be a good citizen is to be a good patriot; patriotism begins at home. For why else should there be an Athens, Plato asked; why do nations and rulers exist at all? "Because people do not like to live lonely," was the answer. "Then nobody ought to live selfishly, either," said Plato. "All should live for all."

Each must do his own work well, but not for his own sake only. If he grows food he must grow it for others also; if he builds houses he must build them for others; if he weaves cloth or makes garments, it must be for the good of all. Police are needed, to watch against theft; and soldiers, to guard against invasion. But vice, want, bad laws, and clumsy government are to be guarded against as well.

Therefore wise councillors must be elected, and just judges must be employed—guides and magistrates, chosen because they are known to be fit and fair. And so that as many citizens as possible may learn when young how to live rightly, as well as how to earn a living, there must be schools and forms and classes; there must be teachers, and the young must go to school.

All these help to make up a city, a town, a village, a country; and if there were no weak or wicked citizens, then the city might become truly a Patriot city, its people all dwelling together in mutual help and safety, with charity of mind. There still are weak and wicked folk among us; "but if you will be persuaded by me, we shall all follow an upward path, pursuing what is just and prudent, as friends to each other and with God."

That was the dream of a Greek; more than two thousand years have gone by, but Plato's dream has not yet come true. There have been other noble visions of the city; St. Augustine dreamed that upon the ruins of the Roman Empire a city might rise that should be a City of God; St. John saw "the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven," a city in which there should be nothing false, nothing abominable, nothing that defiles.

Far, far away from us yet is the City of those dear visions. We are imperfect patriots, we have not yet established the City, we do not yet guide the Realm and Empire aright. Not yet have we "built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant

land," or elsewhere; the cities we dwell in are still "guilty of dust and sin"—of evil, misery, disease, and want. We are not true patriots if we let this go on unchanged.

You remember how, in the Bible, the people of Israel wandered for forty years in the desert. It is so with ourselves, even yet. Not yet do we "all follow an upward path, pursuing what is just and prudent"; there are waste places, of unhappy and unhealthy life, around us at home. Many people still dwell in the wilderness, not finding the path towards the promised land.

> "See! in the rocks of the world
> Marches the host of mankind,
> A feeble, wavering line. . . .
> Years they have been in the wild, . . .
> Factions divide them, their host
> Threatens to break, to dissolve.
> Ah, keep, keep them combined!"

Patriotism can keep a nation combined, in charity of mind and unity. Patriotism is like the crane that lifts and the trowel that builds; Patriotism is like the mortar that binds the bricks of a building together. Patriotism does not mean waving the Flag or fighting only; Patriotism means all that can help to make our home resemble the City of the vision, the best place of abode on earth.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary!" our soldiers sang as they marched away to the War; they were not thinking of Tipperary, the town in Ireland, but perhaps of the City of victory and peace. We are

a long, long way from the Patriot City yet, but we must march and strive towards it bravely, hopefully. Twice the bugle calls to us, therefore—to help others, as well as ourselves.

Will you be one of the "feeble, wandering line," or will you be a guide and a helper, bringing the feeble and the wandering out of the desert? Great is the reward of those who serve others; it is good to be a helper and a guide, to "move through the ranks, recall the stragglers, refresh the outworn"; to

> "Fill up the gaps in our files,
> Strengthen the wavering line,
> Stablish, continue the march,
> On, to the bound of the waste,
> On, to the City of God!"

and so come nobly to

THE END

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